

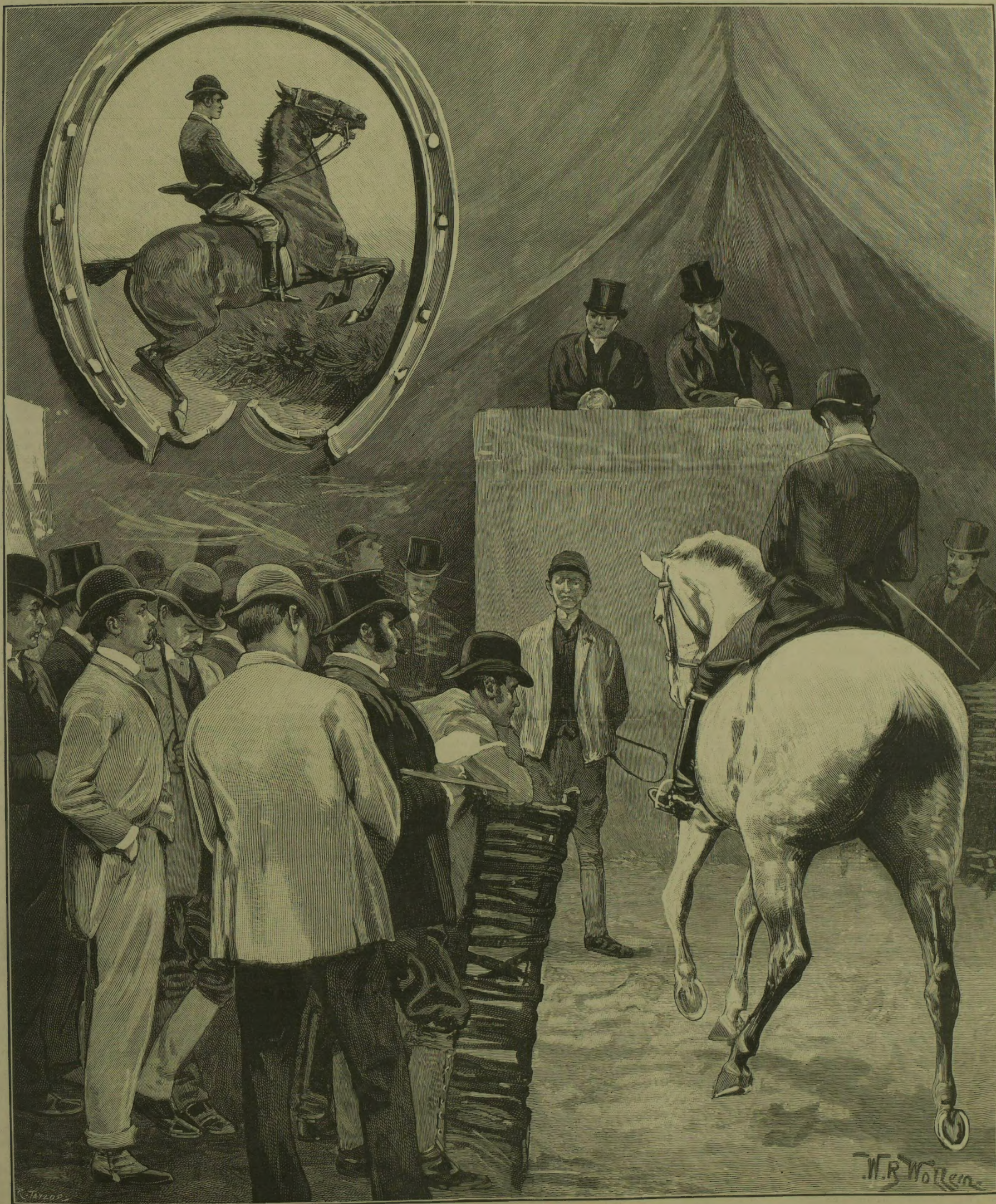
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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PREPARING FOR THE HUNTING SEASON: SALE OF KINGSBURY HUNTERS.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Where are we coming to? The Queen of Roumania is advertised to write a story for a syndicate of penny papers! I do not mind crowned heads going in for poetry, because that hurts nobody except themselves (and possibly, though not probably, their publisher), but when they take to novel-writing, matters are growing serious. There is a foolish fiction that Kings and Queens can do no wrong; but in writing serials they are doing wrong, and that to a most deserving class—the novelists. "Who can stand against the King?" inquires an inspired writer, who, if he had foreseen anything of this kind, would no doubt have expressed himself more strongly. His Majesty's advantage as a literary rival would be too tremendous. If he would be content to be anonymous one would not have a word to say; but he knows, or rather—since the subject (though he is not a subject) must be treated with becoming reverence—his publisher would be sure to know, a trick worth two of that. The German Emperor, who is trying his hand at everything, will probably, sooner or later, enter our poor profession. Where will our military novelists be then? The Russian treasury is notoriously in a parlous state, and why should not the Czar, certain of a gigantic forced circulation, turn his attention in the same direction? Novelists are not politicians, but they may soon have cause to thank Heaven that Republicanism is growing. Nobody cares twopence for what a President writes; but a King "in his counting-house counting out the money" paid him for his serial story is a picture calculated to make the novelist look grave. However, it is just possible that in depicting character—in the lower orders, at all events—their Majesties may need a little professional assistance. I should dearly like to "collaborate" with a King; not a despot, of course (who is apt to use his sceptre like Punch's bâton), but one attached to a limited monarchy.

One forgets how many English Kings have honoured literature by becoming authors themselves, but there have been many. About the earlier ones there is, as might be expected, some insufficiency of detail; but they certainly did not "rush into print," because the art of printing had not been discovered. It is said that Edward II. wrote a Latin poem on his own captivity, while in prison; but his detractors assert that, if that was so, he must have learnt Latin during his incarceration, for that he did not know a word of it before. James II. also, while at St. Germain, wrote "The Royal Sufferer," in which he pitied himself exceedingly, to the great disgust of his host, the King of France, who had tried to make things comfortable for him. Edward VI. wrote "The Scarlet Lady (let us call her) of Babylon," not a stage play, but a theological essay; and also "A Method of Proceedings in Council"—two works which, considering his tender years, gave promise (which was, unhappily, cut off) of his becoming the greatest prig in Europe. James I. wrote "Dæmonologia," and lived to acknowledge he had, in so doing, made a fool of himself; but his "Counterblast against Tobacco" he could never be brought to admit was an equally great mistake. Queen Elizabeth wrote what was—considering her philanderings, and that nothing came of them—a characteristic work enough, "A Comment on Plato"; and Charles I., who, though a martyr, had a decided turn for duplicity, "conveyed," Milton tells us, "a prayer from the 'Arcadia,'" and put his own name to it. But none of these Royal personages ever wrote a serial novel for a syndicate, or (in that way, at all events) interfered with vested rights.

That literature is not popular with the racing world is notorious. Thoroughbreds are seldom or never named after eminent authors, though it is true a good many of them are to be found in the classical dictionary; that is, their original names, which get strangely altered in the mouths of the givers and takers of odds. Nor, alas! does the shipping interest make much more count of our poets and novelists. A friend of mine named one of his Australian liners after a novel of Miss Thackeray's. When the day of christening arrived, the captain took him aside, and said, "I dare say you think us sailors superstitious, but the fact is we think it unlucky to name any new ship as if it was an old one. You would oblige me very much if, instead of calling this vessel 'Old Kensington,' you would call it 'New Kensington.' It can't make any difference to you nor anybody else."

The ignorance of literature among those who make their business in great waters seems, to a landsman, curious; for, since they are not seaisick, what on earth—that is, on sea—have they else to do but read books? Yet, in general, sailors ignore them, and the compliments they pay to writers in naming their ships after them are few and far between. There is a story, indeed, of a marine student at Newcastle who was so devoted to Tennyson and Browning that he wrote to each of them entreating to be allowed to call the first ship of which he had become owner by their name. They both wrote effusive letters granting him the desired permission, but no literary title was added to the mercantile navy in consequence, for the rogue, as it turned out, had no ship at all, and only wanted their autographs. I learn from the *American Critic* that the name of Ibsen is borne by two Norwegian barques, that an American steam-ship and a sailing-vessel are named after Longfellow, and that Whittier is similarly honoured. But America has been always foremost in paying respect to literature, as it has always been behindhand in paying it anything else. There is also a Nova Scotian vessel, the *Mark Twain*. This ends the fleet, so far as modern writers are concerned. The earlier classics are only represented by "a Yankee coaster," the John Bunyan, and three Shakspeares (all spelt differently), one an English barque and two German. There were some Transatlantic Shakspeares, but they came to grief, and the

name in nautical (as in stage) circles is said to "spell ruin." On a question of ill-luck, of course, sailors are not to be reasoned with; but it certainly seems ungrateful in the profession that there is no Marryat, nor Cooper, nor Clark Russell afloat.

Yet another traveller has been writing to the papers to denounce the tip system, to which, however, it seems he has himself succumbed, though not without a struggle. He reminds me of an uncle of mine (lost, alas!) who used to give me a shilling when I was at school, with the remark that it was a very silly custom. He was not a "cheerful giver," and this correspondent signs himself "An Unwilling Tipper." He complains that the porters cluster round his first-class carriage to the detriment of his poorer third-class neighbours, and we are convinced from this way of expressing himself that he feels their difference of position very keenly; but one cannot help thinking that his very unwillingness to "part" may cause the clustering. If he stands rattling the silver in his pocket, but unable to persuade himself to take out a threepenny bit, it is no wonder that he arouses groundless expectation. He says that if he travels on a cross road, with changes, his tips sometimes exceed the fare. I should like to see that little sum worked out, and authenticated by affidavit.

A literary contemporary has been speculating as to what becomes of rejected manuscripts, of which, it seems, there is every year a crop of ninety-five thousand. The right reply seems to be that they do not "line a box" or wrap the butter—probably because they have become so exceedingly dirty on their travels—but eventually "are sold for manure." At first sight this seems degrading; yet what can be more poetical than the idea of vivifying leaf and flower, and the golden grain, with the works of which man has proved himself unworthy? Surely the tears of an oft-rejected hero—once by the heroine and ten times by the publishers—have not been shed in vain if the violet and the forget-me-not owe their luxuriance to them; or if the dust of the rejected epic, turned to clay or some more nutritious soil, encourages the lettuce and assists the Spanish onion. It may have missed its work so far as publication is concerned, but it has not been useless. It may not have secured immortality, but it has had its effect—say upon mangel-wurzel—for a whole season. There is certainly no need for the authors of rejected manuscripts to say (with Miss Squeers), "Is this the end?" as though it were a disgraceful one.

Nor is our literary contemporary correct in supposing that these tons of unprintable "copy" are the heaviest load that the shoulders of editors have to bear. What is far more trying are the people who bring them. Editors of the severe stamp—a stamp and a frown—of course refuse to see anybody without due introductions, those letters of marque (given by their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts, or by their personal friends) which authorise the privateer to prey upon their time and attention. But there are editors and editors; many who never turn their backs upon lovely woman in distress, and some who will see anybody. Why persons who are not lovely seek a personal interview with an editor it is impossible to divine. What impression they hope to make, what end they hope to gain, whom they can expect to conciliate by taking up his precious time with stating the nature of the dreadful thing they bear with them, and which it is his supposed duty to read for himself, has never been told. I sometimes think that they tell the simple truth in the message they send up by the office boy, that they "want to see the editor." But when they have satisfied this curiosity, why don't they go away? Why do they tell him that they have always had a passionate longing to distinguish themselves in literature; that their grandfather wrote a book that went through several editions; that they are first cousins to Lord Fitzmarmalade; and that consumption is hereditary in their family? These facts, however interesting to themselves, can hardly be attractive to a gentleman who has a great deal of work to do in a limited time, and quite other things to think about. If they only knew what they were doing as regards their own chances of success—if they could only hear what the editor is saying to himself about their manuscript (behind that winning smile), they would drop it at once for his future consideration, and go away on tiptoe. Some day or other the Rejected Contributor will make a real success by describing his actual experiences—"How it strikes a (Rejected) Contributor"; and then we shall know why he comes in person with his manuscript.

We have such few good indoor games of an intelligent kind that we should always hail a novelty, or even any improvement in them: so by all means let there be a welcome for the little volume entitled "Improved Whist." One wishes, however, that the author had improved some other game that stands more in need of it (such as bezique, for instance), for the fact is, whist has been so much improved (or, at all events, altered) of late years that it is fast getting unrecognisable. However, we must not look a gift-book on the title-page, and it seems the chief intention of this work is to incorporate the game with its predecessor, "Whist with Swabbers." I have played whist with all sorts of people, and have heard them called (by their partners) all sorts of names, but I have never yet played with swabbers. I am not sure what they are even now, for the peculiarity of all books on games, especially if they have diagrams, is that they are considerably more difficult to understand than conic sections, and this volume is no exception to the rule. However, I gather from it that the author is in favour of "coups" at whist; and on that platform I am prepared to meet him. Argument, indeed, is out of the question: it is a case of conviction. My partner may attempt an obvious revoke; he may be doubtful about returning my lead in trumps, because he has a short suit of something; he may fret me to fiddle-strings by fingering every card before he plays, as if his hand were a piano; but he never excites my apprehensions to extremity until I see him meditating a "coup."

What a comfort it is in these days to be able to say, "I am neither an author nor a publisher!" How dreadful it must be to have to strip, and go down into the arena, and tear one another to pieces for the amusement of the British public, and at the same time to wear a smiling countenance! *Moriturus saluamur*. What a satisfaction it is, when the dagger-stab of "What have I not given you?" is met by the knife-thrust "But what did you not get?" to be able to say, "I have got nothing, and never given anything, except under compulsion, to anybody!" One hardly knows which is more embarrassing, to have given, or to have received. It is prodigious fun, of course, to almost everybody but the parties concerned—both of whom, let us hope, are too much influenced by the higher emotions which have always actuated them to grudge the pleasure they are affording to their fellow-creatures—but there is a small knot of spectators who do not enjoy it. There are a few people who have written books that have not only failed to give them a *pourboire*, but which have cost them a good deal of money. These are the lost souls (whom Dante has inexplicably omitted to mention in his "Inferno") who have published works at their own expense. They regard the exciting contest with gloomy indifference. If they have a prejudice in the matter, it is against the authors. It is disgusting to reflect that such persons should have got anything for their rubbish, when works of the highest class were neglected, much more anything extra. As to the profit, why did not these rogues of publishers "stick to it"? Do they suppose they will gain a character for honesty by giving a penny out of a pound? It is ridiculous to attempt to white-wash oneself with a penny paintbrush.

Let us turn from this envious picture and draw consolation (as is our wont) from the reflection that even this sanguinary contest must needs result in the general good. For it is impossible to suppose that the great mass of spectators, who are so ready with their praise or their denunciation, will hesitate to make a clean breast of it, as regards their own professional dealings with their fellow-creatures. Why should the business relations between the author and the publisher be the only one to make a British holiday? We shall surely have the lawyer, who has made an unexpectedly good thing out of a case prolonged beyond necessity, and which has half ruined both parties, making his statement of how much of his gains he has made over to his client. We shall have the fashionable physician, who has recommended his patient to go to Nova Zembla, when he ought to have gone to Algiers, or, better still, have stopped at home, or who has mistaken the nature of his malady and taken his guineas while doing him more harm than good, giving us his little memorandum of returned fees. It may be said that these professional persons are not "on all fours" (a pretty picture!) with the publishers. But, at all events, we may hope to see the buyers of yearlings (which are on all fours) that afterwards win the Derby declaring the dividend they have set aside for the seller; the gentleman who bought the patent for fifty pounds that produced him five thousand telling us how much he gave back to the ingenious inventor; and the picture-dealer who purchased the work of the unknown artist for a song informing us how much he made over to him when it realised a fortune. Then we shall know what very superior persons there are in the world, who are not "even as this (or that) publisher."

## A SALE OF HUNTERS.

The purchase of horses for the hunting season naturally occupies the attention of some gentlemen in October; and the annual sales at well-reputed breeding establishments near London are attended by many visitors disposed to give a fair price for a promising fresh mount. One of our Artists was present at Mr. Henry Ward's ninth yearly sale of hunters, at Hyde House Farm, Kingsbury, near Hendon, where sixty good horses, mostly five or six years of age, were disposed of by Mr. John Carter, the auctioneer, at prices averaging seventy-five guineas each, some fetching 155 or 165 guineas. They were made to show their leaping powers in the stock-yard and meadow, being ridden by Mr. H. Treadwell and by Mr. T. Hobbs, of Cheltenham, but visitors were not allowed to go beyond the fences. The sale took place under a large marquee.

## MARRIAGES.

The wedding of Mr. Charles Newton with Miss Helen FitzRoy, third daughter of Mr. Horatio and the Hon. Mrs. FitzRoy of Frogmore Park, Blackwater, Hants, took place, on Oct. 14, at Holy Trinity Church, Hawley, in the presence of a large assemblage of relatives and friends. The service, which was fully choral, was conducted by the Bishop of Guildford, assisted by the Rev. J. T. Wyatt, Vicar of the parish. The bride was given away by her father, and there were six bridesmaids. Mr. Alfred Farquhar acted as "best man."

Miss Mary Kane, daughter of Sir Andrew Clark, Bart., was married, on Oct. 14, at Holy Trinity Church, Gosport, to Mr. Oldfield Thomas, son of the Rev. J. H. Thomas, Vicar of Hillingdon, near Uxbridge. The bride was given away by her father. The wedding presents, numbering about 150, included gifts from Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir Andrew and Lady Clark, and the Bishop of Peterborough.

At half past nine on the morning of Oct. 14, the marriage of Mr. Carbery Evans, eldest son of Mr. J. Carbery Evans, of Hatley Park, Cambridgeshire, and Lady Henrietta Anna Wallop, youngest daughter of the Earl of Portsmouth, took place at Wembworthy Church, North Devon. The Earl of Portsmouth gave the bride away, and Sir Guy Clarke-Travers acted as "best man." There were only two bridesmaids—Lady Gwendolen Margaret Wallop, sister of the bride, and Miss Dorothy Evans, sister of the bridegroom.

The Pope has appointed Mgr. Grouard Vicar Apostolic of Athabasca, British North America, Mgr. Van der Both Bishop of Lahore, and Mgr. Louage Bishop of Dacca.

A service of reconciliation was held, on Oct. 13, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in relation to the recent desecration of the sacred edifice by a suicide. After the third collect at Evensong an appropriate anthem was sung, followed by the Litany and prayers from the Communion Office. The sentence of reconciliation was pronounced by the Bishop, and ordered to be enrolled in the caputular archives.

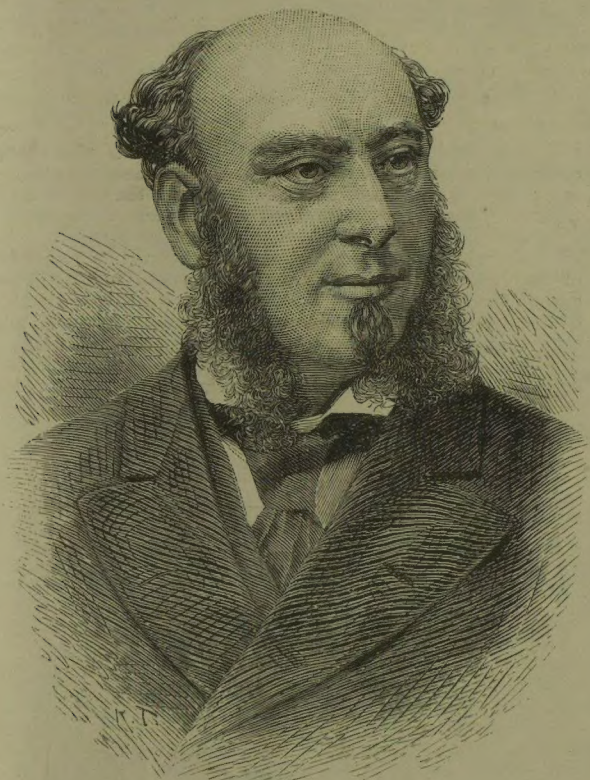


**"LA CIGALE" AT THE LYRIC.**

That bright genius of light comic opera, Miss Geraldine Ulmar, left the Savoy Theatre simply for fresh woods and pastures new; and the vivacious young American songstress may fairly be congratulated upon the signal success she achieved in the leading part—that of Marton, in M. Audran's comic opera of "La Cigale," a popular English version of which has been written for the Lyric company by Mr. F. C. Burnand. The Lyric Theatre, one of the most elegant in town, should do exceedingly well with this tuneful, animated production. It is a lively entertainment, the story being interesting, the dialogue humorous, the lyrics charming, the singing and acting excellent, and the costumes and scenery superlatively beautiful. For sumptuary magnificence, indeed, "La Cigale" is the grandest piece in London. The raiment is superb. It is at the wedding of her thrifty, careful cousin Charlotte, the industrious ant of the family, that we first meet the light-hearted, light-footed grasshopper, warbling her wood-notes wild, and ready and willing to fall into the net of the fowler in the person of an amorous Duke, or of a gossamer Chevalier. "La Cigale" becomes a member of the Bruges opera company, grace to the interest of the Duke; but it is the Chevalier whose ardour wins her heart. She bestows her affections on her fickle suitor, however, only to find him under the spell of the gay Duchess, whom she denounces at the brilliant ball which closes the opera. An impressive tableau of "La Cigale's" return to her old home is introduced in this glowing scene. Miss Ulmar, as La Cigale, sang with such spirit that she might have been encoored throughout the evening if her strength had permitted her to repeat each dulcet song. Miss Effie Clements also sang sweetly as Charlotte. Mr. Scovel, the tenor, was the Chevalier, and Mr. Eric Lewis the Duke; while Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Garden maintained to the end the vein of comicality so essential in such pieces; Miss Annie Rose made an exceedingly pretty Duchess; Mr. Ivan Caryll, who conducted, furnished fresh music; and the new dances, particularly the figures of the little Punchinellos, reflected considerable credit on M. D'Anban.

**THE LATE MR. W. F. JEBB.**

We notice with regret the death of Mr. W. F. Jebb, clerk of the Metropolitan Asylums Board from the time when the Board was called into existence under the Metropolitan Poor Law Amendment Act of 1867. Mr. Jebb was fully acquainted with the working of the old Poor Law in London, under which



THE LATE MR. W. F. JEBB,  
CLERK TO THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD.

every parish was independent of central authority, and he came to the Metropolitan Asylums Board with full experience of the work which had to be carried out by the newly created body for the whole of London.

The Hon. T. A. Brassey, to whom Lord Brassey has handed over his Irish estate, gave a dinner to the tenantry in Londonderry on Oct. 11, and availed himself of the occasion to offer the estate to occupiers at seventeen and a half years' purchase.

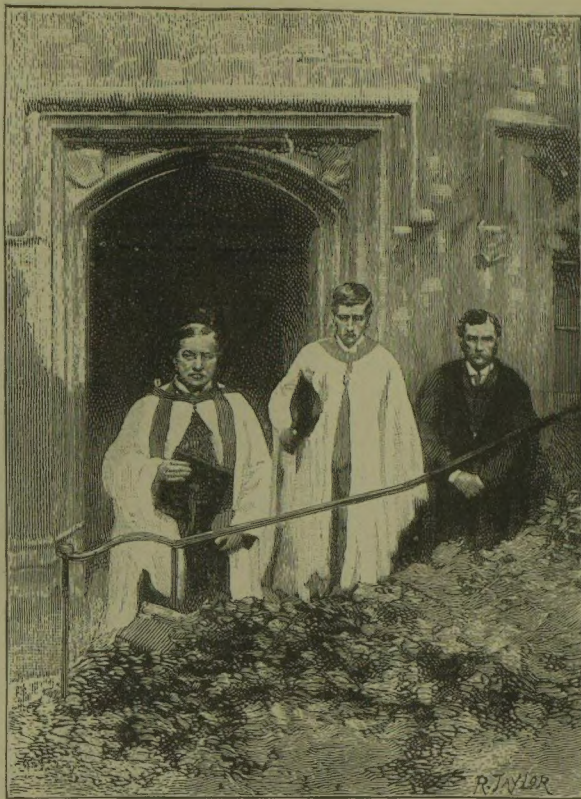
The annual conference of the clergy and laity of the diocese of Llandaff was held at the Cardiff Townhall on Oct. 9, under the presidency of the Bishop. There was a large attendance of delegates. His Lordship, in his opening address, referred at length to the present educational crisis and the duty of the Church.

The Earl of Rosebery was, on Oct. 10, presented with the freedom of Glasgow. The ceremony took place in St. Andrew's Hall, a handsome building erected by a few public-spirited citizens fifteen years since at a cost of £100,000, and recently handed over to the Corporation for the sum of £37,000. The large hall was quite filled on the occasion, the audience numbering about 4000 persons, including a large proportion of ladies. The Lord Provost of Glasgow occupied the chair, supported on the platform by several members of Parliament and leading citizens. Lord Rosebery was in the afternoon entertained to luncheon in the Central Hall by the Glasgow Corporation, the Lord Provost presiding.

In the presence of an immense multitude, the memorial service over the remains of Mrs. Booth took place at Olympia on Oct. 13. Upon a grand stand, draped with yellow bunting, was placed the bier. A service consisting of hymns, prayer, and procession was carried out with a fair amount of precision, considering the vastness of the congregation, and the difficulty of discerning through the fog the numerals exhibited on the platform. Afterwards the body was conveyed to the Salvation Army Headquarters in Queen Victoria-street. The service at the funeral in Abney Park Cemetery on the 14th was of the most touching character. It was attended by an immense throng (members of the "Army"), most of whom had assembled on the Embankment and marched through the streets to the grave.

**THE LATE REV. HENRY WHITE.**

The sudden death of the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Chapel Royal of the Savoy, and Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, has excited general regret. Mr.



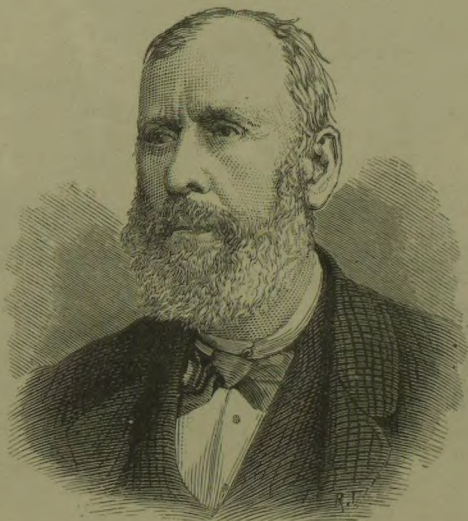
THE LATE REV. HENRY WHITE AT THE DOOR OF THE  
CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY.

From a Photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.

White, who was in his fifty-seventh year, was appointed to the Chaplaincy of the Savoy in 1860, in the first year of his priesthood, by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. For some years he was Chaplain and Censor of King's College, London, where he was educated, and in 1874 he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, who often commanded him to preach before her at Windsor or Osborne. In 1869 Mr. Evelyn Denison, the Speaker of the House of Commons (afterwards Lord Ossington), selected Mr. White for the Chaplaincy to the Speaker, in succession to Dean Merivale, and he continued in that position until 1874, when, on the appointment of a new Speaker, his term of office expired. Last year Mr. Peel, the present Speaker, reappointed him to his former office, to the general satisfaction of the House, with the members of which he was universally popular. His ministry at the Savoy Chapel attracted a large and influential congregation, and he refused all offers of preferment which would have taken him from the Savoy. Mr. Disraeli, when Prime Minister, offered him the valuable vicarage of Halifax, which he declined, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts twice offered him her living of St. Stephen's, Westminster, with the same result. More than one Colonial bishopric he also declined. The Savoy Chapel, restored after its destruction by fire in 1864, and famous for its choral services, has been used for the celebration of weddings, not merely in the ranks of society, as in the case of the wedding of Lady Burdett-Coutts, but especially among members of the dramatic and musical professions. It was only the other day that Mr. White, in a sermon, mentioned the fact that he had celebrated his thousandth wedding in a ministry of thirty years.

**THE LATE PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS.**

The death, on Oct. 13, at Oxford, of Mr. James Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Economy in that University, M.P. for Southwark from 1880 to 1885, and afterwards for Bermondsey till the General Election of 1886, removes a well-known figure, of pronounced characteristics, from political and literary circles. Mr. Rogers, educated at King's College, London, and at Magdalen Hall, was for a short time in orders as a clergyman, but divested himself of canonical responsibilities and legal disabilities under the statute passed for the relief of clergymen who choose to become laymen, engaged in private tuition and University work, wrote the "History of Prices and Agriculture in England," and in 1862 was elected to the Professorship, which he held five years, and to which he was again reappointed some years ago. He was a man of sound learning and considerable ability; and his books, especially



THE LATE MR. THOROLD ROGERS,  
PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AT OXFORD.

the one just named and his "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," are of standard merit and utility. In the House of Commons he was noted as an Advanced Liberal, and was a follower of Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question.

**FOREIGN NEWS.**

President Carnot has signed a decree opening the Port of St. Nazaire (France) for the import and export of live stock coming under the classification of sheep, oxen, and horses, provided that the condition of the animals be found satisfactory after inspection. — Mdlle. Jeannine Dumas, the dramatist's second daughter, was married, on Oct. 9, at Marly, to Vicomte d'Hauterive. Mgr. Hulst officiated, and Madame Alboni gave a solo.

We learn from Madrid that the sittings of the Catholic Congress terminated, on Oct. 9, in the passing unanimously of a resolution condemning liberty of conscience, recommending that public instruction be entirely confided to the Church, a stricter observance of Sundays and Feast days, claiming exemption from military service for young men preparing for Holy Orders, advocating the creation of Catholic libraries in barracks, and the founding of Catholic Workers' Associations, and desiring the recognition of the right of the Church to possess property without limitation.

The new Portuguese Ministry, it is reported, has now been definitely constituted.

After returning from a visit to the Empress Frederick, the Emperor and Empress left Berlin, on Oct. 11, for Hubertusstock, to take part in the Royal hunt there. The Empress Frederick and her daughters have returned to Berlin to be in readiness for the approaching consecration of the mausoleum erected to receive the remains of the late Emperor Frederick.—The Congress of German Socialists opened its session on Oct. 12, at Halle, and sat there for a few days.—A statue of the poet Lessing was ceremoniously unveiled in Berlin on the 14th.

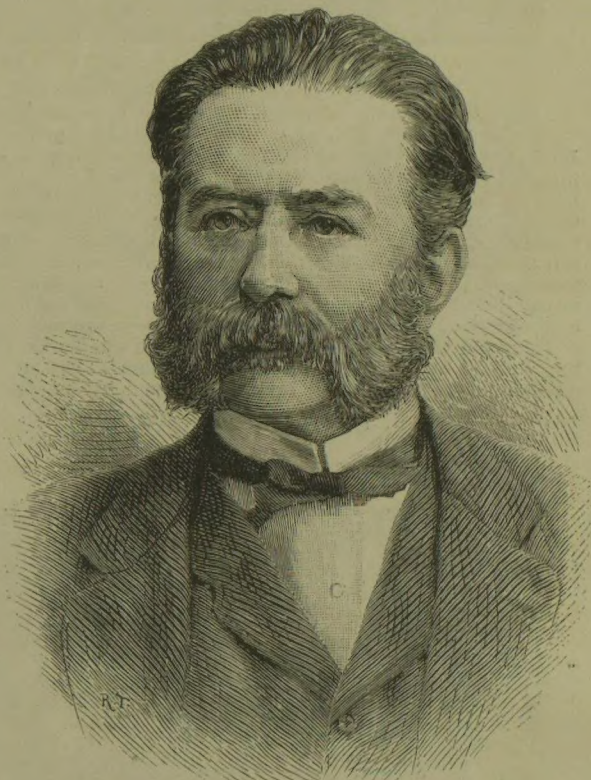
The seventeen Provincial Diets of Austria began their autumn session on Oct. 14, and the proceedings of the Diet of Prague will be watched with keen interest.

The Czar and the Imperial family arrived at Warsaw on Oct. 13 from Skierniewice. The Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the Czar, was, at the close of the manoeuvres in Volhynia, seized with insanity.

Dr. Roberto Sacaca has been re-elected President of Nicaragua by a large majority.

**THE LATE GENERAL SIR F. W. HAMILTON.**

This veteran officer, who died recently, at the age of seventy-five, was a son of Mr. W. R. Hamilton, sometime British Minister at Naples, a family connection of Lord Belhaven. He was a page of honour to George IV. and William IV.,



THE LATE GENERAL SIR F. W. HAMILTON, K.C.B.

1826-31, and entered the Grenadier Guards in June 1860. He became Major-General in August 1860, Lieutenant-General in December 1869, and General in November 1876. He was placed on the retired list in 1881. He served throughout the Crimean campaign, 1854 and 1855; was present at the battles of the Alma, Inkerman, Balaklava, and the siege of Sebastopol; was Military Attaché at the Court of Berlin from 1860 to 1862; Vice-President of the Council on Military Education from 1862 to 1866; and Commander of the Forces in Scotland from 1866 to 1868. He also commanded the Brigade of Guards from 1868 to 1870.

The enthronement of the Right Rev. William Saumarez Smith, the new Bishop of Sydney and Primate of Australia, took place on Oct. 9, in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney.

King George of Greece returned to Athens on Oct. 13 from Copenhagen, after six weeks' absence, accompanied by his eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, with her husband the Grand Duke, and Prince Nicholas, his Majesty's third son. The Royal party was received with hearty popular demonstrations of welcome. This is the first visit which the Grand Duchess has paid to Greece since her marriage.

President Harrison arrived at Washington from his Western tour on Oct. 14. His visit has been a laborious one. It lasted eight days, during which he travelled 3000 miles and made forty speeches.—The members of the Iron and Steel Congress, numbering 700, received a hearty welcome in Chicago on the 13th from the Mayor and Corporation, and were subsequently entertained by the Washington Park Club.—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal began their second American tour at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, on the 13th, under conditions which show that their first success will be repeated.

Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General of Canada, was warmly welcomed at Halifax on his arrival there on Oct. 10, by an immense crowd of citizens, and a Royal salute was fired. Replying to an address of the people of Kentville, the Governor-General said that the evidences of loyalty were so overwhelming in the Maritime Provinces that he was convinced Canada's connection with the Crown would never be broken. Lord Stanley, speaking at a public meeting at Halifax, said that he had travelled the ocean and had seen for himself the marvellous development of Canada. He was delighted with the vast forests and mineral resources of British Columbia.





MOUNTED INFANTRY DRAWN UP IN THE BARRACK YARD, DURING THE MEETING OF THE MEN ON STRIKE.

During two or three months past the shipping and mercantile interests of Melbourne and Sydney, and exporters of wool, have been put to great loss and inconvenience by a widely organised strike among labourers of different classes, extending to seamen and even to subordinate officers on board some of the ships. This movement, which began in August, had not terminated by the middle of October, and the Colonial revenues, both of Victoria and New South Wales, were affected by the stoppage of trade. The city of Melbourne was deprived of light for three nights by a strike at the gas-works, and the supply of coal was intercepted, which caused large numbers of factory people, brickmakers, and others to be

thrown out of employment. Ostensibly, it seems, the subject of dispute was the rate of wages, though rough unskilled labour in Australia is paid at twice the rate given in England, the men on the wharves earning about £10 a month, with £5 or £6 more, occasionally, for overtime; the ordinary day's work is eight hours. Seven or eight shillings a day are the ordinary wages at the Melbourne docks, and hundreds of men now refuse to work for these wages. But the real object was to prohibit the employment of non-unionists. There can be no doubt that the present policy of the labour unions of Australasia, which has led to the imminent calamity of a paralysis of the trade of all the Colonies, and which has kept up a constant irritation

and unbearable uncertainty in all departments of trade for some months, is the outcome of a general determination on their part to try their strength with all the employers of labour. There has been no dispute of any serious character in New Zealand. The Melbourne "Trades-Hall Council" must bear the chief responsibility, shared by Mr. H. H. Champion, of London, and other travelling delegates of Trade Unionism, and by the local Socialist leaders and two or three members of the Colonial Legislative Assembly. It was at first expected that money would be sent by telegraph from the trades in England in the same manner as the sinews of war were supplied by the people of Australia to the London dock



CREW DESERTING THE MANGANA BEFORE THE NOTICE HAD EXPIRED, TO PREVENT HER GOING TO SEA.

THE LABOUR AND SHIPPING STRIKE AT MELBOURNE.





1. Troopers escorting non-union men to the Gas Works.

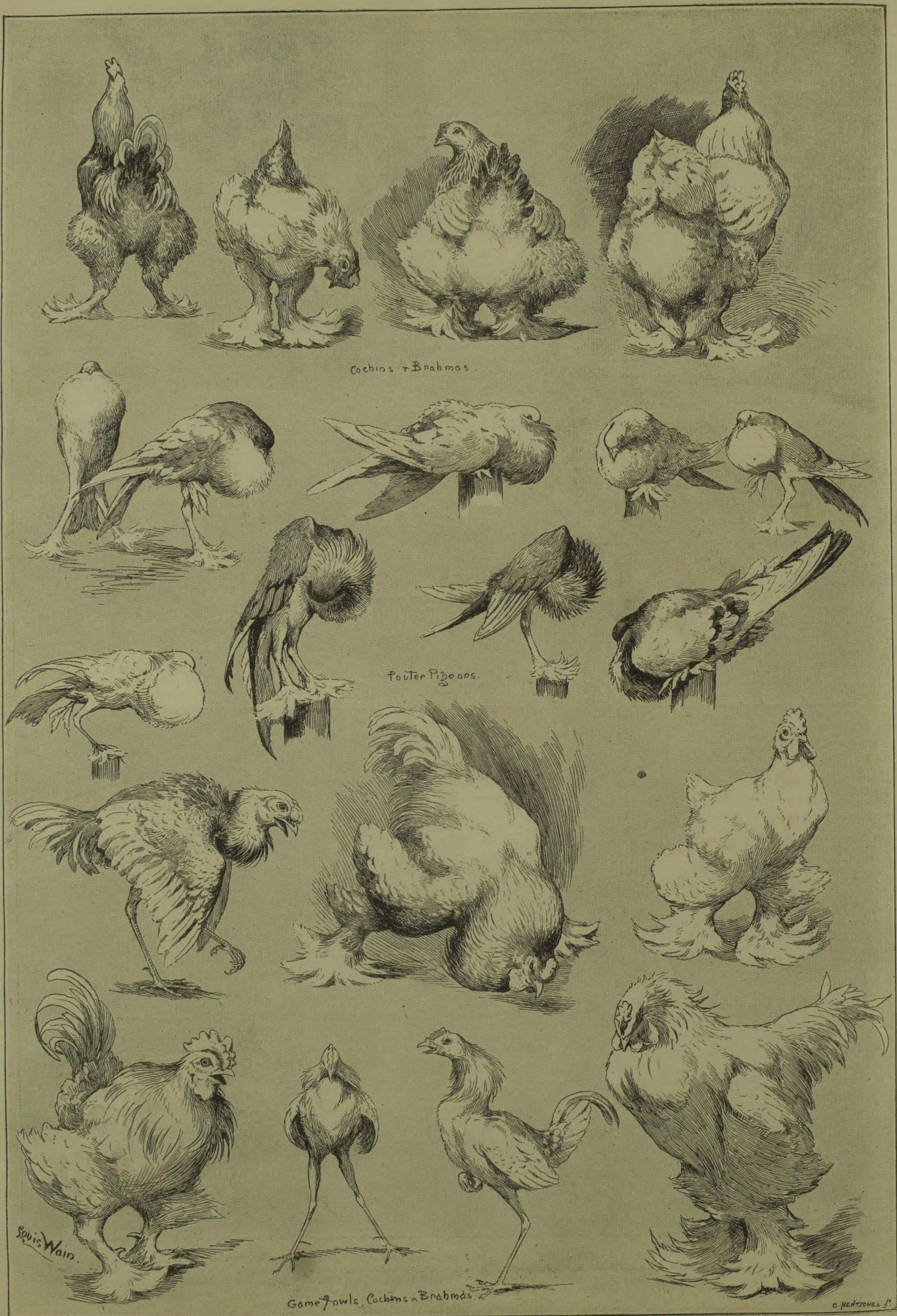
3. Mounted infantry arriving at Spencer-street station from the country.

2. Pickets trying to stop men from going to Gas Company's office for employment.

4. Mass meeting of strikers in Flinders Park, August 31.

THE LABOUR AND SHIPPING STRIKE AT MELBOURNE.







labourers during the dock strike. But the funds are hardly coming in as was anticipated; and many now begin to see that while every man who "strikes" has to receive strike pay, if all come out, and there are no wages being earned, no levies can be made, and after the funds of the union are exhausted an awful collapse must be inevitable. It is also feared that if trade unionists go hungry they may not be so quiet and peaceable, or that the dangerous classes may make depredations under the guise of trade unionists on strike. The Government of Victoria, early in the struggle, when threats of violence against non-union men endangered the public peace, called out the force of Mounted Infantry Volunteers, under command of Colonel T. Price, and the Victorian Rangers, under Major Otter, from different country districts. Three hundred and fifty of these troops, besides some Cavalry and Horse Artillery, soon arrived in Melbourne, and were quartered at the Victoria Barracks and the Albert Drill-room. The mass meeting of unionists in Flinders Park, on the following Sunday, passed off quietly, with speeches by Mr. Trenwith and Mr. W. T. Carter, members of the Legislative Assembly, Mr. H. H. Champion, and others. We have received sketches of these scenes, and of the interference with labour at the gas-works and the wharves or docks, and on board the vessels in the port of Melbourne.

### FATAL FIRE IN THE CITY.

A disastrous fire, causing sad loss of life and grievous injuries to other persons, took place at noonday on Monday, Oct. 13, in the hat and helmet factory of Messrs. Rowley and Brock, 23, Middle-street and corner of Newbury-street, Clothfair, near Smithfield. About fifty people, mostly women and girls, were at work in the building, which was of five floors. It was near their dinner-time. The workmen on the second floor were using a quantity of naphtha and india-rubber solution, for joining together pieces of cork for the helmets; and the inflammable vapour from that substance was ignited by a gas-light, which was burning probably on account of the fog. The lower workshops and ware-rooms, with the staircases, were suddenly filled with flames, and the unfortunate people



FATAL FIRE IN A HAT FACTORY, CLOTHFAIR, CITY.

upstairs could not escape. There was no time to bring ladders. Some jumped out of the windows, and the crowds of neighbours assembled in the street tried to break their fall; others attempted to descend by twisted strips of calico, instead of ropes. Within a few minutes five women were burnt to death, and ten other persons, of both sexes, were severely burnt or had their limbs broken in falling from the windows; the latter were taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The building and its contents were almost entirely destroyed.

The Ruskin Society of London opened its session at the London Institution on Oct. 10 with an address by Dr. Peter Bayne, author of "Lessons from my Masters."

The portraits, by Dighton, of old members of "Lloyd's," which accompany our other illustrations of "Lloyd's," last week and this week, are from Engravings published by Mr. McLean, 7, Haymarket.

The committee appointed by the City Corporation to inquire into the water-supply of London held a short sitting on Oct. 13, when their public investigation came to an end. It was stated that seventy Acts of Parliament had been passed to transfer water undertakings to municipal authorities.

A crowded meeting was held on Oct. 13, at the Edinburgh Castle, Stepney, to welcome Dr. Barnardo on his return home from Canada. Dr. Barnardo gave a gratifying account of the condition and prospects of the children whom he had sent from time to time to the Colonies.

The most numerous attendance of justices witnessed at the Hampshire Quarter Sessions for many years past took place at Winchester on Oct. 13, the occasion being the presentation to the Court of a portrait of Mr. Melville Portal of Laverstock House, who for a lengthened period has held the position of chairman.

Mr. Henry Lammin, formerly of Newark, who died at Clapham Park in August, has bequeathed his valuable collection of paintings and ceramic ware to the Nottingham Castle Art Museum. The pictures include examples of Turner, Stark, David, Cox, Gainsborough, Crome, and R. Wilson, and the estimated value of the bequest is £4000.

The old City practice of attending Divine service on State Sunday was revived on Oct. 12 by Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris and Mr. Sheriff Farmer, who, accompanied by the Alderman, Deputy, and the Common Councillors of Aldersgate Ward, attended the ancient parish church, Gresham-street. The anniversary charity sermon was preached by Canon Elwyn, Master of the Charterhouse, the Rector, Prebendary Reynolds, conducting the service.

### THE COURT.

The Queen is expected to stay about five weeks longer in Scotland, after which the Court will leave for Windsor Castle. Viscount Cross and the Hon. Mrs. Legge and the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees dined with her Majesty and the Royal family at Balmoral on Oct. 10. In the evening the Queen witnessed a repetition of the recent *tableaux vivants*, those invited including Lady, Miss, and Mr. Victor Biddulph, Miss M. Ponsonby, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maude and Miss M. Maude, Sir Algernon, Lady, and Miss Borthwick, Miss Kentish Moore, Sir John Clarke, the Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., Mrs. Russell, and the Rev. A. and Mrs. Campbell. The Queen went out on the morning of the 11th, attended by Lady Amphill, Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, attended by Lady Amphill and the Hon. Mrs. H. C. Legge. On Sunday morning, the 12th, the Queen, the Royal family, and the household attended Divine service in the castle. The Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal of Scotland and chaplain to her Majesty, officiated. The Duchess of Albany came over from Birkhall to attend the service, and remained to luncheon. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, and honoured the Hon. Lady Biddulph with a visit. Viscount Cross, the Hon. Mrs. H. C. Legge, and Dr. Cameron Lees had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen, attended by Lady Amphill and the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove to the Linn of Dee on the 13th. Viscount Cross and the Hon. Mrs. H. C. Legge had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Earl and Countess of Jersey arrived at the castle, and had also the honour of being included. The Earl of Jersey has had an audience of the Queen before going to take up his appointment in New South Wales.

The Prince of Wales is having excellent sport at St. Johann, in Moravia, the seat of Baron Hirsch, there being abundance of game—hares, partridges, pheasants, and deer. In addition to his Royal Highness, the party entertained by Baron Hirsch consists of Lord Dudley, Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Lillian Wemyss, Colonel Paget, Mr. Moncrieff, Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon, and Colonel Niaga. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales left Abergeldie on Oct. 9, and drove to Ballater, whence they proceeded by special train for London. They were accompanied to Ballater by the Duke of Clarence. The Princess and her daughter, who were attended by Lady Harding and Rear-Admiral Stephenson, arrived at Marlborough House at a quarter past eight next morning. Princess Maud arrived some days previously from Germany. On the 13th the Princess of Wales and Princess Maud of Wales visited the Lyceum Theatre to witness the performance of "Ravenswood." The Duke of Fife (accompanied by Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife) posted through Braemar on the 13th from Mar Lodge, en route to London.

The Duke of Edinburgh on the 13th accompanied round the Devonport Dockyard Captain Asker, of the Swedish corvette Freya, now at Plymouth. His Royal Highness, with Prince Bernadotte and the officers of the Freya, on the 14th attended a review of the troops in garrison by the Duke of Cambridge.

### "NATURE'S FITFUL MOMENTS."

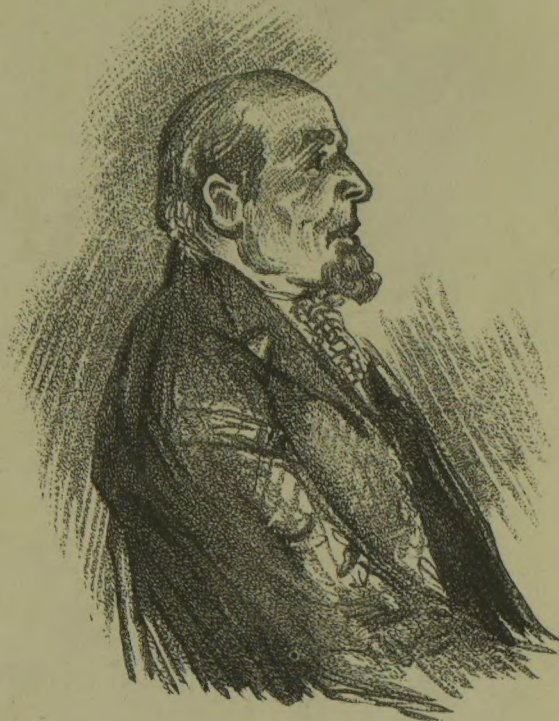
The Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, opened on Tuesday, Oct. 7, was accompanied by a Poultry Show, in which our Artist, Mr. Louis Wain, found amusing subjects for his portraiture of the liveliest gestures and most eccentric attitudes of bird life. The behaviour and manners of poultry, impatient of the confinement to which they are necessarily subject on these occasions, is far more amusing than the placid dignity of cows and heifers. It must be seen and watched, in its endless variety of eccentric movements, to be fully appreciated; but our sketches of the Cochin and Brahma fowls, the game-cocks, and the pigeons will afford some diversion to the reader; and one of the boons for which we ought to be grateful to Nature is the fun of some kinds of animals, birds, cats, dogs, and monkeys, the practical jesters of creation.

### "SCIENCE FOR THE PEOPLE."—AT A GILCHRIST LECTURE.

Anyone passing through the streets of Yorkshire and Lancashire towns in the autumn and winter seasons is tolerably certain to be struck by the sight of huge posters decorating the walls, and bearing the legend "Science Lectures for the People." These lectures are delivered under the auspices of the "Gilchrist Educational Trust," founded by a certain benevolent Scotsman, Dr. Gilchrist, and administered by a body of trustees, of whom Mr. R. Leigh Holland is the Chairman, while the Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., the Right Hon. Sir W. J. Kay-Shuttleworth, Bart., M.P., the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.A., and Professor James Stuart, M.A., M.P., constitute the other members of the Board. Dr. Gilchrist, originally a medical practitioner, devoted himself to the study of Hindustani and kindred tongues. As a teacher of these languages, little known in his day, he was eminently successful. Shrewd and practical in his investments, he amassed a considerable fortune, and, briefly detailed, at his death, this fortune was devoted, by his desire, to the furtherance of scientific education among the people. The Gilchrist Trust is managed at the offices, 4, The Sanctuary, Westminster, London, S.W. Of this trust the late Dr. Carpenter was secretary. He was succeeded by Mr. H. A. Papps, and, on the death of the latter, Dr. R. D. Roberts, M.A., D.Sc., lately Lecturer on Geology in the University of Cambridge, assumed the practical management of the Gilchrist work. We fancy we are within the mark in saying that scarcely a British University exists which has not benefited by the institution of Gilchrist scholarships or kindred endowments, so that the fortune of Dr. Gilchrist has been utilised to the full in the direct furtherance of educational work, under the auspices of the trustees.

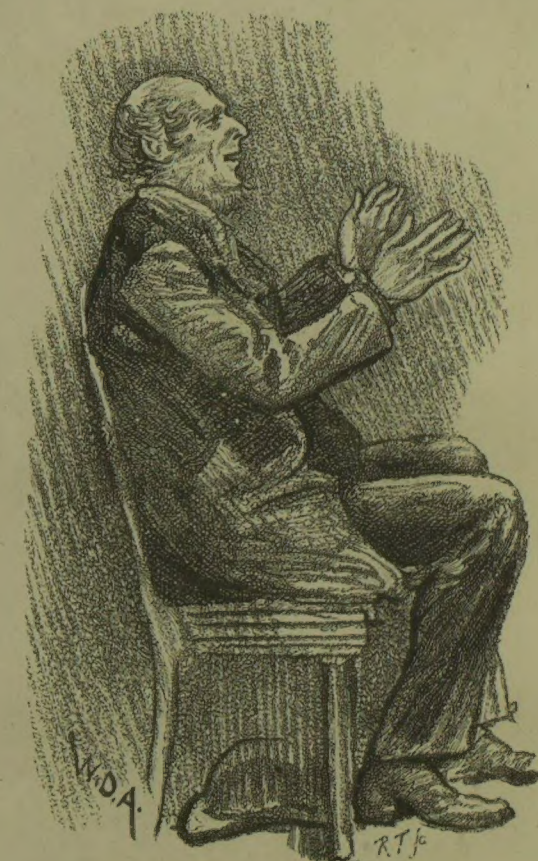
The most popular efforts of the Gilchrist trustees, however, are seen in the institution of science lectures for the people, chiefly in country districts, where systematic instruction in science may be regarded as difficult to obtain. Great manufacturing centres are also favoured with these lectures, which are the means of exciting and developing among artisans and others a taste for scientific pursuits. The Gilchrist Trustees apparently hope that sound results may accrue from these lectures, since we learn that among the movements which they hope to encourage by the instruction they provide may be enumerated, a free library, a science school or classes, a technical institute, continuation evening schools, reading circles, and University extension lectures. When a course of Gilchrist Lectures is granted to a town, a local committee is formed; and this committee (frequently the managing body of a mechanics' institute) is charged with the management

of the lectures, and with promoting the aims which, as just mentioned, the lectures are intended to subserve. A single course consists of five or six lectures, delivered fortnightly in a series of five towns selected by the trustees as likely to benefit from the instruction conveyed. There are five or six lecturers engaged in such a course, all men of high eminence, not only as scientists, but, what is equally to the purpose, as popular expositors of the truths



AT A GILCHRIST LECTURE: AMUSED.

of nature. Above all things else, a Gilchrist lecturer, who addresses audiences varying from 700 or 800 to 1200 persons, must know how to make his facts and views plain to the popular understanding; and it is exactly this happy knack of breaking down scientific facts for easy mental digestion by the laity which distinguishes the members of the Gilchrist staff. A printed syllabus of a course of six lectures—one course among several—now in course of delivery in Long Eaton, Glossop, Mossley, Eccleshill, and Pontefract gives us an admirable *résumé* of Gilchrist Trust work. The course was opened at each town by Dr. Andrew Wilson with a lecture on "Coral and Coral Makers." Sir Robert Ball succeeds with a lecture on an astronomical subject—"The Sun" and "The Moon" being among the learned astronomer's topics. Professor Miall, of Leeds, comes third in hand, with a lecture on "The Development of the Chick"; Professor H. G. Seeley follows with his discourse on "Water and its Action in Land-Shaping"; Professor Milnes Marshall devotes his time to explaining how "Missing Links" have been supplied in the animal world; and the Rev. Dr. Dallinger closes the course with an interesting lecture on "Plants that Prey on Animals, and the Animals that Fertilise Plants." This course, as we have said, is only one of many given each year by these scientists; and to the names of Gilchrist lecturers just given must be added those of Mr. W. Lant Carpenter (son of the late Dr. Carpenter), Professor W. C. Williamson, Professor A. Geikie, Dr. Drinkwater (of the Edinburgh Medical School), Mr. A. P. Laurie, M.A. of Cambridge, and others. Each lecture, as a rule, is illustrated by the oxy-hydrogen lantern, and the views and diagrams of the lecturers are enlarged and depicted on the screen, so as to be clearly seen by the large audiences that listen to the facts of scientific history. In addition, Mr. Lant Carpenter, Mr. Laurie, and other lecturers, dealing with the purely physical sciences,



AT A GILCHRIST LECTURE: ENTHUSIASTIC.

illustrate the lectures by admirable experiments. Dr. Roberts, the indefatigable secretary of the trust, is himself an accomplished lecturer on geological subjects, and ably supervises and arranges all the details of the Gilchrist courses.

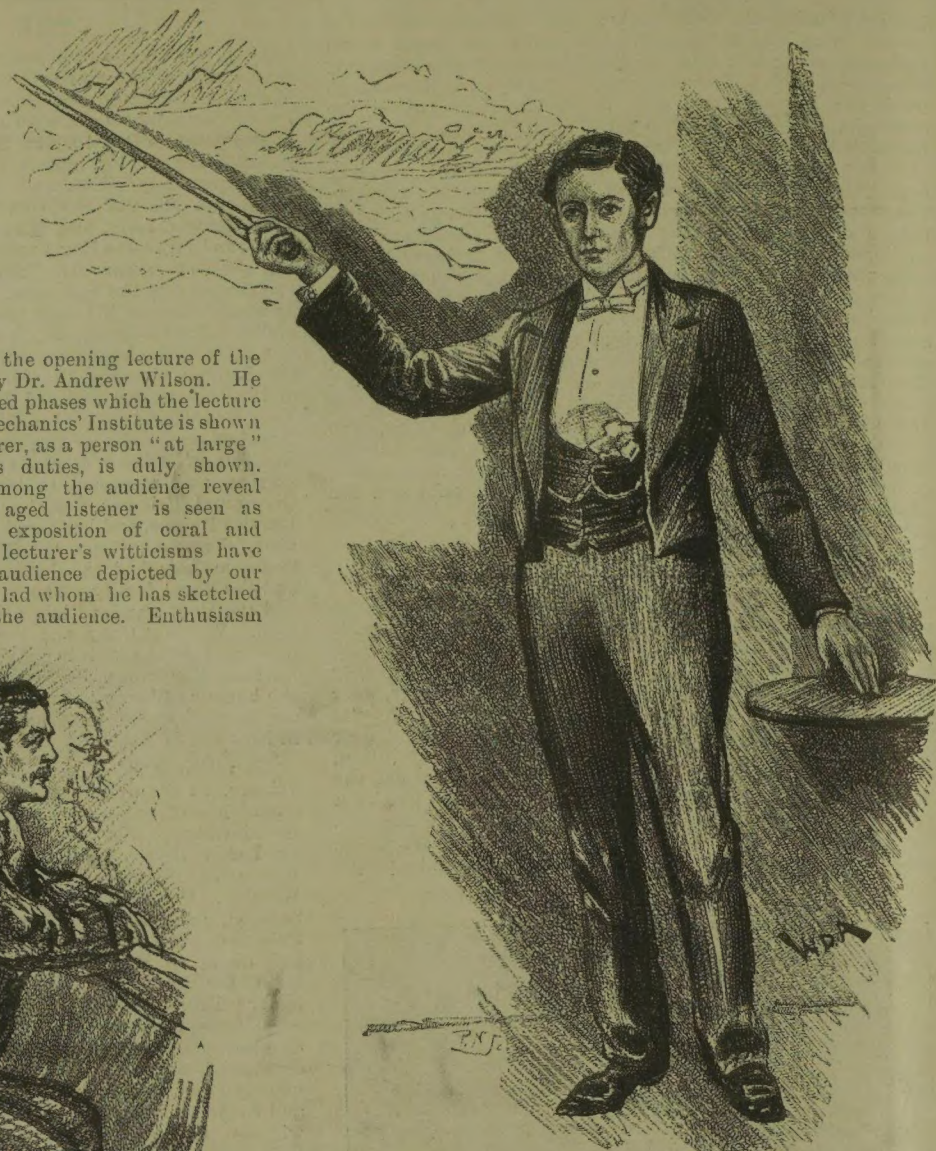
Courses of Gilchrist Lectures, given to towns in England and Scotland as free and generous gifts, thus supply instruction to the masses on all the aspects of natural and





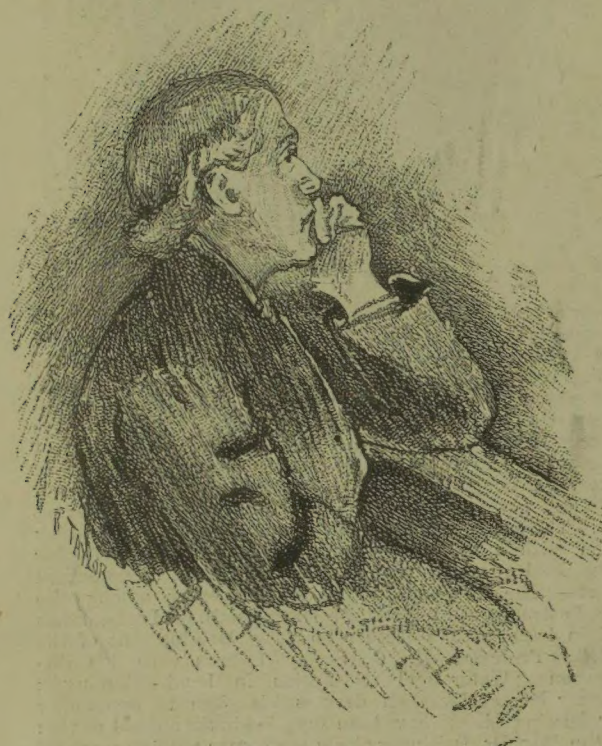
ONE WHO DOES NOT BELIEVE IN THEORY.

physical science. Six hundred seats or so at one penny each must be provided in each hall for the artisan classes, and no more cheering sight is to be seen than a hall crowded with working men and lads and their wives, all eager to hear something new about the universe they inhabit. A limited number of higher-priced seats are reserved in each case to assist in defraying the local expenses, so that every Gilchrist audience numbers all classes of society in its ranks. Our Artist visited Mossley, near Manchester, on the occasion of the opening lecture of the Gilchrist course delivered there by Dr. Andrew Wilson. He has endeavoured to portray the varied phases which the lecture presented. The crowded hall of the Mechanics' Institute is shown in the Illustration, while the lecturer, as a person "at large" and also in the discharge of his duties, is duly shown. Sketches taken here and there among the audience reveal very characteristic features. An aged listener is seen as deeply interested in Dr. Wilson's exposition of coral and coral reefs as a young boy. The lecturer's witticisms have evidently amused others of the audience depicted by our Artist, and a "gradely" Lancashire lad whom he has sketched forms a most typical member of the audience. Enthusiasm



THE LECTURER, DR. ANDREW WILSON.

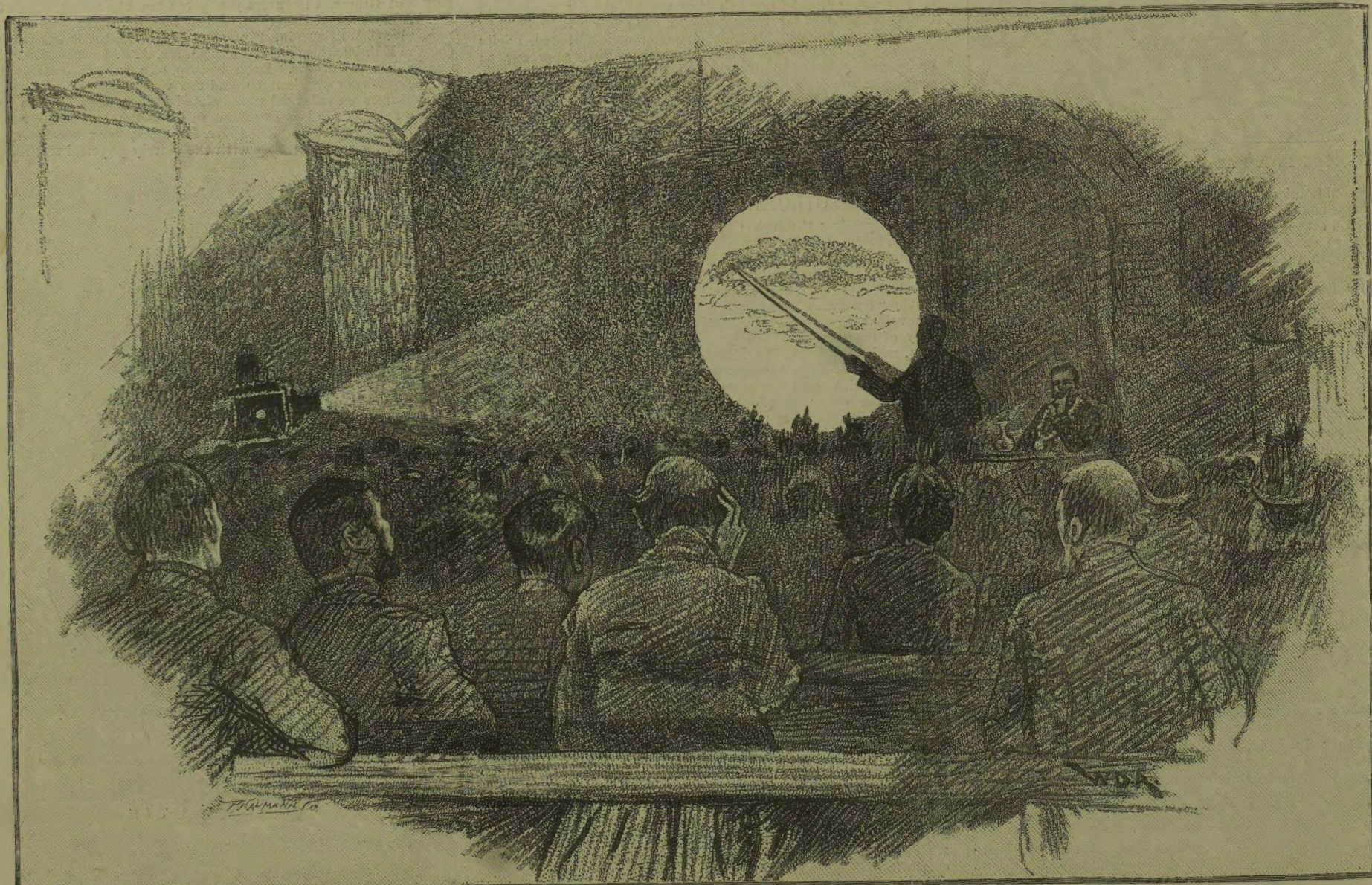
is frequently roused in the course of a Gilchrist lecture, as is shown by the warm applause which greets the efforts of every lecturer; and when a knotty point may be raised by the lecturer there are not wanting those who "don't believe in theories," to quote the common expression; and one of these hard-headed persons in the audience has evidently been detected by our Artist, and duly reproduced in his Sketch. Altogether, the labours of the Gilchrist Trust are of the most beneficent kind; and of the good work annually accomplished by this trust in educating the people in science we can only say, long may it continue and flourish in our midst!



INTERESTED.



A LANCASHIRE LAD.



SKETCHES AT THE GILCHRIST SCIENCE LECTURES TO WORKING MEN, MOSSLEY, LANCASHIRE.





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

*Flamaucœur had thrown himself 'tween me and the spear-point, had taken it, fenceless, unwarded, full in his side.*

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

—30—

### CHAPTER XV. (Continued).

Would that I might in this truthful chronicle have turned to other things while the long roar of exultation goes up from famous Crecy and the strong wine of well-deserved victory filled my heart! Alas! there is that to tell which mars the tale and dims the shine of conquest.

Already thirty thousand Frenchmen were slain, and the long swathes lay all across the swelling ground like the black rims of weed when the sea goes back. Only here and there the battle still went on, where groups and knots of men were fighting, and I, with my good comrade Flamaucœur, now, at sunset, was in such a mêlée on the right. All through the day he had been like a shadow to me—and shame that I have said so little of it! Where I went there he was, flitting in his close grey armour close behind me; quick, watchful, faithful, all through the turmoil and dusty war-mist; escaping, Heaven knows how, a thousand dangers; riding his light war-horse down the bloody lanes of war as he ever rode it, as if they two were one; gentle, retiring, more expert in parrying thrust and blow than in giving—that dear friend of mine, with a heart made stout by consuming love against all its native fears, had followed me.

And now the spent battle went smouldering out, and we there thought 'twas all extinguished, when, all on a sudden—I tell it less briefly than it happened—a desperate band of foemen bore down on us, and, as we joined, my charger took a hurt, and went crashing over, and threw me full into the rank tangle of the under fight. Thereon the yeomen, seeing me fall, set up a cry, and, with a rush, bore the Frenchmen four spear-lengths back, and lifted me, unhurt, from the littered ground. They gave me a sword, and, as I turned, from the foemen's ranks, waving a beamy sword, plumed by a towering crest of nodding feathers and covered by a mighty shield, a gigantic warrior stepped out. Hoth! I can see him now, mad with defeat and shame, striding on foot towards us—a giant in glittering pearly armour, that shone and glittered in the last rays of the level sun against the black backing of the evening sky, as though its wearer had been the Archangel Gabriel himself! It did not need to look upon him twice: 'twas the Lord High Constable of France himself—the best swordsman, the sternest soldier, and the brightest star of chivalry in the whole French firmament. And if that noble peer was hot for fight, no less was I. Stung by my fall, and glorying in such a foe, I ran to meet him, and there, in a little open space, while our soldiers leant idly on their weapons and watched, we fought. The first swoop of the great Constable's humming falchion lit slanting on my shield and shore my crest—had it been otherwise this tale had never been told. Then I let out, and the blow fell on his shield, and sent the giant staggering back, and chipped the pretty quarterings of a hundred ancestors from that gilded target. At it again we went, and round and round, raining our thunderous blows upon each other with noise like boulders crashing down a mountain valley. I did not think there was a man within the four seas who could have stood against me so long as that fierce and bulky Frenchman did. For a long time we fought so hard and stubborn that the blood-miry soil was stamped into a circle where we went round and round, raining our blows so strong, quick, and heavy that the air was full of tumult, and glaring at each other over our morion bars, while our burnished scales and links flew from us at every deadly contact, and the hot breath steamed into the air, and the warm, smarting blood crept from between our jointed harness. Yet neither would bate a jot, but, with fiery hearts and heaving breasts and pain-bursting muscles, kept to it, and stamped round and round those grimy, steaming lists, redoubtable, indomitable, and mad with the lust of killing.

And then—Jove! how near spent I was!—the great Constable, on a sudden, threw away his many-quartered shield, and, whirling up his sword with both hands high above his head, aimed a frightful blow at me. No mortal blade or shield or helmet could have withstood that mighty stroke! I did not try, but, as it fell, stepped nimbly back—'twas a good Saxon trick, learnt in the distant time—and then, as the falchion-point buried itself a foot deep in the ground, and the giant staggered forward, I flew at him like a wild cat, and through the close helmet-bars, through teeth and skull and the threefold solid brass behind, thrust my sword so straight and fiercely, the smoking point came two feet out beyond his nape, and, with a lurch and cry, the great peer tottered and fell dead before me.

Now comes that thing to which all other things are little, the fellest gleam of angry steel of all the steel that had shone since noon, the cruellest stab of ten thousand stabs, the bitterest cry of any that had marred the full yellow circle of that August day! I had dropped on one knee by the champion, and, taking his hand, had loosed his visor, and shouted to two monks, who were pattering with bare feet about the field (for, indeed, I was sorry, if perchance any spark of life remained, so brave a knight should die unshriven to his contentment), and thus was forgotten for the moment the fight, the confronting rows of foemen, and how near I was to those who had seen their great captain fall by my hands. Miserable, accursed oversight! I had not knelt by my fallen enemy a moment, when suddenly my men set up a cry behind me, there was a rush of hoofs, and, ere I could regain my feet or snatch my sword or shield, a great black French rider, like a shadowy fury dropped from the sullen evening sky, his plumes all streaming behind him, his head low down between his horse's ears, and his long blue spear in rest, was thundering in mid career against me not a dozen paces distant. As I am a soldier, and have lived many ages by my sword, that charge must have been fatal. And would that it had been! How can I write it? Even as I started to my feet, before I could lift a brand or offer one light parry to that swift keen point, the horseman was upon me. And as he closed, as that great vengeance-driven tower of steel and flesh loomed above me, there was a scream—a wild scream of fear and love—and I clasp my hands to my ears now, centuries afterwards, to deaden the undying vibrations of that sound—and Flamaucœur had thrown himself 'tween me and the spear-point, had taken it, fenceless, unwarded, full in his side, and I saw the cruel shaft break short off by his mail as those four, both horses and both riders, went headlong to the ground.

Up rose the English with an angry shout, and swept past us, killing the black champion as they went, and driving the French before them far down into the valley. Then ran I to my dear comrade, and knelt and lifted him against my knee. He had swooned, and I groaned in bitterness and fear when I saw the strong red tide that was pulsing from his wound and quivering his bright English armour. With quick, nervous fingers—bursting such rivets as would not yield, all forgetful of his secret, and that I had never seen him unhelmed before—I unloosed his casque, and then gently drew it from his head.

With a cry I dropped the great helm, and wellnigh let e'en my fair burden fall, for there, against my knee, her white, sweet face against my iron bosom, her fair yellow hair, that had been coiled in the emptiness of her helmet, all adrift about us, those dear curled lips that had smiled so tender and indulgent on me, her gentle life ebbing from her at every throe, was not Flamaucœur, the unknown knight, the foolish and love-sick boy, but that wayward, luckless girl Isobel of Oswaldston herself!

And if I had been sorry for my companion in arms, think how the pent grief and surprise filled my heart, as there, dying gently in my arms, was the fair girl whom, by a tardy, late-born love, new sprung in my empty heart, I had come to look upon as the point of my lonely world, my fair heritage in an empty epoch, for the asking!

Soon she moved a little, and sighed, and looked up straight into my eyes. As she did so the colour burnt for a moment with a pale glow in her cheeks, and I felt the tremor of her body as she knew her secret was a secret no longer. She lay there bleeding and gasping painfully upon my breast, and then she smiled, and pulled my plumed head down to her and whispered—

"You are not angry?"

Angry? Gods! My heart was heavier than it had been all that day of dint and carnage, and my eyes were dim and my lips were dry with a knowledge of the coming grief as I bent and kissed her. She took the kiss unresisting, as though it were her right, and gasped again—

"And you understand now all—everything? Why I ransomed the French maiden? Why I would not write for thee to thy unknown mistress?"

"I know—I know, sweet girl!"

"And you bear no ill-thought of me?"

"The great Heaven you believe in be my witness, sweet Isobel! I love you, and know of nothing else!"

She lay back upon me, seeming to sleep for a moment or two, then started up and clasped her hands to her ears, as if to shut out the sound of bygone battle that no doubt was still thundering through them, then swooned again, while I bent in sorrow over her and tried in vain to soothe and stanch the great wound that was draining out her gentle life.

She lay so still and white that I thought she were already dead; but presently, with a gasp, her eyes opened, and she looked wistfully to where the western sky was hanging pale over the narrow English sea.

"How far to England, dear friend?"

"A few leagues of land and water, sweet maid!"

"Could I reach it, dost thou think?" But then, on an instant, shaking her head, she went on, "Nay, do not answer; I was foolish to ask. Oh! dearest, dearest sister Alianora! My father—my gentlest father! Oh! tell them, Sir, from me—and beg them to forgive!" And she lay back white upon my shoulder.

She lay, breathing slow, upon me for a spell, then, on a sudden, her fair fingers tightened in my mailed hand, and she signed that she would speak again.

"Remember that I loved thee!" whispered Isobel, and, with those last words, the yellow head fell back upon my shoulder, the blue eyes wavered and sank, and her spirit fled.

Back by the lines of gleeful shouting troops—back by where the laughing English knights, with visors up, were talking of the day's achievements—back by where the proud King, hand in hand with his brave boy, was thanking the stout English yeomen for Crecy and another kingdom—back by where the championing, foamy chargers were picketed in rows—back by the knots of archers, all, like honest workmen, wiping down their unstrung bows—back by groups of sullen prisoners and gaudy heaps of captured pennons, we passed.

In front four good yeomen bore Isobel upon their trestled spears; then came I, bareheaded—I, kinsmanless, to her in all that camp the only kin; and then our drooping chargers, empty-saddled, led by young squires behind, and seeming—good beasts!—to sniff and scent the sorrow of that fair burden on ahead. So we went through the victorious camp to our lodgment, and there they placed Isobel on her bare soldier couch, her feet to the door of her soldier tent, and left us.

### CHAPTER XVI.

Unwashed, unfed, my dinted armour on me still—battle-stained and rent—unhelmed, ungloved, my sword and scabbard cast by my hollow shield in a dark corner of the tent, I watched, tearless and stern, all that night by the bier of the pale white girl who had given so much for me and taken so poor a reward. I, who, so fanciful and wayward, had thought I might safely toy with the sweet tender of her affection—sprung how or why I knew not—and take or leave it as seemed best to my convenience, brooded, all the long black watch, over that gentle broken vessel that lay there white and still before me, alike indifferent to gifts or giving. And now and then I would start up from the stool I had drawn near to her, and pace, with bent head and folded arms, the narrow space, remembering how warm the rising tide of love had been flowing in my heart for that fair dead thing so short a time before. "So short a time before!" Why, it was but yesterday that she wrote for me that missive to herself; and I, fool and blind, could not read the light that shone behind those grey visor bars as she penned the lines, or translate the tremor that shook that sweet scribe's fingers, or recognise the heave of the maiden bosom under its steel and silk! I groaned in shame and grief, and bent over her, thinking how dear things might have been had they been otherwise, and loving her no whit the less because she was so cold, immovable, saying I know not what into her listless ear, and nourishing in loneliness and solitude, all those long hours, the black flower of the love that was alight too late in my heart.

I would not eat or rest, though my dinted armour was heavy as lead upon my spent and weary limbs—though the leather jerkin under that was stiff with blood and sweat, and opened my bleeding wounds each time I moved. I would not be eased of one single smart, I thought—let the cursed seams and gashes sting and bite, and my hot flesh burn beneath them! mayhap 'twould ease the bitter anger of my mind—and I repulsed all those who came with kind or curious eyes to the tent door, and would not hear of ease or consolation. Even the King came down, and, in respect to that which was within, dismounted and stood like a simple knight without, asking if he might see me. But I would not share my sorrow with anyone, and sent the page who brought me word that the King was standing in the porch to tell him so; and, accomplished in courtesy as in war, the victorious monarch bent his head, and mounted, and rode silently back to his own lodging. The gay gallants who had known me came on the whisper of the camp one by one (though all were hungry and weary), and lifted the flap a little, and said something such as they could think of, and peered at me, grimly repellent, in the shadows, and peeped curiously at that fair white soldier lain on the trestles in her knightly gear so straight and trim, and went away without daring to approach more nearly. My veterans clipped their jolly soldier-songs, though they had well deserved them, and took their suppers silently by the flickering camp-fire.

Once they sent him—among them that I was known to like the best with food and wine and clean linen, but I would not have it, and the good soldier put them down on one side of the door and went back—as gladly as he who retreats skin-whole from the cave where a bear keeps watch and ward. Last of all there came the fall of quieter feet upon the ground, and, in place of the clank of soldier harness, the rattle of the beads of rosaries and cross; and, looking out, there was the King's own chaplain, bare-headed, and three grey friars behind him. I needed ghostly comfort just then as little as I needed temporal, and at first I thought to repulse them surlily; but, reflecting that the maid had ever been devout and held such men as these in high esteem, I suffered them to enter, and stood back while they did by her the ceremonial of their office. They made all smooth and fair about, and lit candles at her feet and gave her a crucifix, and sprinkled water, and knelt, throwing their great black shadows athwart the white shine of my dear companion, the while they told their beads and the chaplain prayed. When they had done, the priest rose and touched me on the arm.

"Son," he said, "the King has given an earl's ransom to be expended in masses for thy leman's soul."

"Father," I replied, "tender the King my thanks for what was well meant and as princely generous as becomes him. But tell him all the prayers thy convent could count from now till the great ending would not bleach this white maid's soul an atom whiter. Earn your ransom if you will, but not here; leave me to my sorrow."

"I will give your answer, soldier; but these holy brothers—the King wished it—must stay and share your vigil until the morning. It is their profession; their prayerful presence can ward off the spirits of darkness; weariness never sits on their eyes as it sits now on thine. Let them stay with thee; it is only fit."

"Not for another ransom, priest! I will not brook their confederate tears—I will not wing this fair girl's soul with their hireling prayers—out, good fellows, my mood is wondrous short, and I would not willing do that which to-morrow I might repent of."

"But, brother"—said one monk, gently.

"Hence—hence! I have no brothers—go! Can you look on me here in this extremity, can you see my hacked and bleeding harness, and the shine of bitter grief in my eyes, and stand pattering there of prayers and sympathy? Out! Out! or by every lying relic in thy cloisters I add some other saints to thy chapter rolls!"

They went, and as the tent-flap dropped behind them and the sound of their sandalled feet died softly away into the gathering night, I turned sorrowful and sad to my watch. I drew a stool to the maiden bier, and sat and took her hand, so white and smooth and cold, and looked at the fair young face that death had made so passionless—that sweet mirror upon which, the last time we had been together in happiness, the rosy light of love was shining and sweet presumption and maiden shame were striving. And as I looked and held her hand the dim tent-walls fell away, and the painted lists rose up before me, and the littered flowers my quick, curvetting charger stamped into the earth, and the blare of the heralds' trumpets, the flutter of the ribbons and the gay tires of brave lords and fair ladies all centred round the dais where those two fair sisters sat. Gods! was that long sigh the night-wind circling about my tent-flap or in truth the sigh of slighted Isobel, as I rode past her chair with the victor's circlet on my spear-point and laid it as the footstool of her sister?

I bent over that fair white corpse, so sick in mind and body that all the real was unreal and all the unreal true. I saw the painted pageantry of her father's hall again and the coloured reflections of the blazoned windows on the polished corridors shine upon our dim and sandy floor, and down the long vistas of my aching memory the groups of men and women moved in a motley harmony of colour—a fair shifting mosaic of pattern and hue and light that radiated and came back ever to those two fair English girls. I heard the rippling laughter on courtly lips, the whispered jest of gallants, and the thoughtless glee of damsels. I heard the hum and smooth praise that circled round the black elder sister's chair, and at my elbow the father, saying, "My daughter; my daughter Isobel!" and started up, to find myself alone, and that sweet horrid thing there in the low flickering taper-light unmoved, unmovable.

I sat again, and presently the wavering shadows spread out into the likeness of great cedar branches casting their dusky shelter over the soft sweet-scented ground; and, as the hushed air swayed to and fro those great velvet screens, Isobel stepped from them, all in white, and ran to me, and stopped, and clasped her hands before her eyes and on her throbbing bosom—then stretched those trembling fingers, beseechingly to me fresh from that sweet companionship—then down upon her knees and clapt me round with her fair white arms and turned back her head and looked upon me with wild, wet, yearning eyes and cheeks that burnt for love and shame. I would not have it; I laughed with the bitter mockingness of one possessed by another love, and unwound those ivory bonds and pushed the fair maid back, and there against the dusk of leaf and branch she stood and wrung her fingers and beat her breast and spoke so sweet and passionate, that even my icy mood half thawed under the white light of her reckless love, and I let her take my hand and hold and rain hot kisses on it and warm pattering tears, till all the strength was running from me, and I half turned and my fingers closed on hers—but, gods! how cold they were! And with a stifled cry I woke again in the little tent, to find my hand fast locked in the icy fingers of the dead.

It was a long weary night, and, sad as was my watch and hectic as the visions which swept through my heavy head, I would not quicken by one willing hour of sleep the sad duties of that grey to-morrow which I knew must come. At times I sat and stared into the yellow tapers, living the brief spell of my last life again—all the episode and change, all the hurry and glitter, and unrest that was for ever my portion—and then, in spite of resolution, I would doze to other visions, outlined more brightly on the black background of oblivion; and then I started up, my will all at war with tired Nature's sweet insistence, and paced in weary round our canvas cell, solitary but for those teeming thoughts and my own black shadow, which stalked, sullen and slow, ever beside me.

But who can deride the great mother for long? 'Twas sleep I needed, and she would have it; and so it came presently upon my heavy eyelids—strong, deep sleep as black and silent as the abyss of the nether world. My head sank upon my arm, my arm upon the foot of the velvet bier, and there, in my mail, under the thin taper-light, worn out with battle and grief, I slept.

I know not how long it was, some hours most likely, but after a time the strangest feeling took possession of me in that slumber, and a fine ethereal terror, purged of gross material fear, possessed my spirit. I awoke—not with the pleasant drowsiness which marks refreshment, but wide and staring, and my black Phrygian hair, without the cause of sight or sound, stood stiff upon my head, for something was moving in the silent tent!



I glared around, yet nothing could be seen: the lights were low in their sockets, but all else was in order: my piled shield and helmet lay there in the shadows, our warlike implements and gear were all as I had seen them last, no noise or vision broke the blank, and yet—and yet—a coward chill sat on me, for here and there was moving something unseen, unheard, unfelt by outer senses. I rose, and, fearful and yet angry to be cowed by a dreadful nothing, stared into every corner and shadow, but naught was there. Then I lifted a dim taper, and held it over the face of the dead girl and stared amazed! Were it given to mortals to die twice, that girl had! But a short time before and her sweet face had worn the reflection of that dreadful day: there was a pallid fright and pain upon it we could not smooth away, and now some wonderful strange thing had surely happened, and all the unrest was gone, all the pained dissatisfaction and frightened wonder. The maid was still and smooth and happy-looking. Ho! as I bent over her she looked just as one might look who reads aright some long enigma and finds relief with a sigh from some hard problem. She slept so wondrous still and quiet, and looked so marvellous fair now, and contented, that it purged my fear, and, strong in that fair presence—how could I be else?—I sat, and after a time, though you may wonder at it, I slept again.

I dozed and dozed and dozed, in happy forgetfulness of the present while the black night wore on to morning, and the last faint flushes of the priestly tapers played softly in their sockets; and then again I started up with every nerve within me thrilling, my clenched fists on my knees, and my wide eyes glaring into the mid gloom, for that strange nothing was moving gently once more about us, fanning me, it seemed, with the rhythmic swing of unseen draperies, circling in soft cadenced circles here and there, mute, voiceless, presenceless, and yet so real and tangible to some unknown inner sense that hailed it from within me that I could almost say that now 'twas here and now 'twas there, and locate it with trembling finger, although, in truth, nothing moved or stirred.

I looked at the maid. She was as she had been; then into every dusky place and corner, but nothing showed; then rose and walked to the tent-flap and lifted it and looked out. Down in the long valley below the sombre shadows were seamed by the winding of the pale river; and all away on the low meadows, piled thick and deep with the black mounds of dead foemen, the pale marsh lights were playing amid the corpses—leaping in ghostly fantasy from rank to rank, and heap to heap, coalescing, separating, shining, vanishing, all in the unbroken twilight silence. And those sombre fields below were tapestried with the thin wisps of white mist that lay in the hollows, and were shredded out into weird shapes and forms over the black bosom of the near-spent night. Up above, far away in the east, where the low hills lay flat in the distance, the lappet fringe of the purple sky was dipped in the pale saffron of the coming sun, and overhead a few white stars were shining, and now and then the swart, almost unseen wings of a raven went gently beating through the star-lit void; and as I watched, I saw him and his brothers check over the Creedy ridges and with hungry croak, like black spirits, circle round and drop one after another through the thin white veils of vapour that shrouded prince, chiefs, and vassals, peer and peasant, in those deep long swathes of the black harvest we cut, but left ungarnished, yesterday. Near around me the English camp was all asleep, tired and heavy with the bygone battle, the listless pickets on the misty, distant mounds hung drooping over their piled spears, the metallised chargers' heads were all asag, they were so weary as they stood among the shadows by their untouched fodder, and the damp pennons and bannerets over the knightly porches scarce lifted on the morning air! That air came cool and sad yonder from the English sea, and wandered melancholy down our lifeless, empty canvas streets, lifting the loose tent-flaps and sighing as it strayed among the sleeping groups, stirring with its unseen feet the white ashes of the dead camp-fires, the only moving presence in all the place—sad, silent, and listless. I dropped the hangings over the chill morning glimmer, the camp of sleeping warriors and dusky valley of the dead, and turned again to my post. I was not sleepy now, nor afraid—even though as I entered a draught of misty outer air entered with me and the last atom of the priestly taper shone fitful and yellow for a moment upon the dead Isobel, and then went out.

I sat down by the maid in the chill dark, and looked sadly on the ground, the while my spirits were as low as you may well guess, and the wind went moaning round and round the tent. But I had not sat a moment—scarcely twenty breathing spaces—when a faint, fine scent of herb-cured wolf-skins came upon the air, and strange shadows began to stand out clear upon the floor. I saw my weapons shining with a pale refulgence, and—by all the gods!—the walls of the tent were a-shimmer with pale lustre! With a half-stifled cry I leapt to my feet, and there—there across the bier—though you tell me I lie a thousand times—there, calm, refulgent, looking gently in the dead girl's face, splendid in her ruddy savage beauty, bending over that white marble body, so ghostly thin and yet so real, so true in every line and limb, was Blodwen—Blodwen, the British chieftainess—my thousand-years dead wife.

Standing there serene and lovely, with that strange lavender glow about her, was that wonderful and dreadful shade—holding the dead girl's hand and looking at her closely with a face that spoke of neither resentment nor sorrow. I stood and stared at them, every wit within me numb and cold by the suddenness of it, and then the apparition slowly lifted her eyes to mine, and I—the wildest sensations of the strong old love and brand-new fear possessed me. What! do you tell me that affection dies? Why, there in that shadowed tent, so long after, so untimely, so strange and useless—all the old stream of the love I had borne for that beautiful slave-girl, though it had been cold and overlaid by other loves for a thousand years, welled up in my heart on a sudden. I made half a pace towards her, I stretched a trembling, entreating hand, yet drew it back, for I was mortal and I feared; and an ecstasy of pleasure filled my throbbing veins, and my love said, "On! she was thine once and must be now—down to thy knees and claim her!—what matters anything, if thou hast a lien upon such splendid loveliness!" and my coward flesh hung back cold and would not, and now back and now forward I swayed with these contending feelings, while that fair shadow eyed me with the most impenetrable calm. At last she spoke, with never a tone in her voice to show she remembered it was near three hundred years since she had spoken before.

"My Phœnician," she said in soft monotone, looking at the dead Isobel who lay pale in the soft-blue shine about her, "this was a pity. You are more dull-witted than I thought."

I bent my head but could not speak, and so she asked—"Didst really never guess who it was yonder steel armour hid?"

"Not once," I said, "O sweetly dreadful!"

"Nor who it was that stirred the white maid to love over there in her home?"

"What!" I gasped. "Was that you?—was that your face,

then, in truth I saw, reflecting in this dead girl's when first I met her?"

"Why, yes, good merchant. And how you could not know it passes all comprehension."

"And then it was you, dear and dreadful, who moved her? Jove! 'twas you who filled her beating pulses there down by the cedars, it was you who prompted her hot tongue to that passionate wooing? But why—why?"

That shadow looked away for a moment, and then turned upon me one fierce fleeting glance of such strange, concentrated, unquenchable, impatient love that it numbed my tongue and stupefied my senses, and I staggered back, scarce knowing whether I were answered or were not.

Presently she went on. "Then, again, you are a little forgetful at times, my master—so full of your petty loves and wars it vexes me."

"Vexes you! That were wonderful indeed; yet, 'tis more wonderful that you submit. One word to me—to come but one moment and stand shining there as now you do—and I should be at your feet, strange, incomparable."

"It might be so, but that were supposing such moments as these were always possible. Dost not notice, Phœnician, how seldom I have been to thee like this, and yet, remembering that I forget thee not, that mayhap I love thee still, canst thou doubt but that wayward circumstance fits to my constant wish but seldom?"

"Yet you are immortal; time and space seem nothing; barriers and distance—all those things that shackle men—have no meaning for you. All thy being formed on the structure of a wish, and every earthly law subservient to your fancy, how is it you can do so much and yet so little, and be at once so dominant and yet so feeble?"

"I told you, dear friend, before, that with new capacities new laws arise. I near forget how far I once could see—what was the edge of that shallow world you live in—where exactly the confines of your powers and liberty are set. But this I know for certain, that, while with us the possible widens out into splendid vagueness, the impossible still exists."

"And do you really mean, then, that fate is still the stronger among you?—this fair girl, here, sweet shadow! Oh! with one of those terrible and shining arms crossed there on thy bosom, couldst thou not have guided into happy void that fatal spear that killed? Surely, surely, it were so easy!"

The priestess dropped her fair head, and over her dim-white shoulders, and her pleasant-scented, hazy wolf-skins her ruddy hair, all agleam in that strange refulgence, shone like a cascade of sleeping fire. Then she looked up and replied, in low tones—

"The swimmer swims and the river runs, the wished-for point may be reached or it may not, the river is the stronger."

Somehow, I felt that my shadowy guest was less pleased than before, so I thought a moment and then said, "Where is she now?" and glanced at Isobel.

"The novice," smiled Blodwen, "is asleep."

"Oh, wake her!" I cried, "for one moment, for half a breath, for one moiety of a pulse, and I will never ask thee other questions."

"Insatiable! incredulous! how far will thy reckless love and wonder go? Must I lay out before thy common eyes all the things of the unknown for you to sample as you did your bags of fig and olive?"

"I loved her before, and I love her still, even as I loved and still love thee. Does she know this?"

"She knows as much as you know little. Look!" and the shadow spread out one violet hand over that silent face.

I looked, and then leapt back with a cry of fear and surprise. The dead girl was truly dead, not a muscle or a finger moved, yet, as at that bidding I turned my eyes upon her there under the tender glowing shadow of that wondrous palm, a faint sweet flush of colourless light rose up within her face, and on it I read, for one fleeting moment, such inexplicable knowledge, such extraordinary felicity, such impenetrable contentment, that I stood spell-bound, all of a tremble, while that wondrous radiance died away even quicker than it had risen. Gods! 'twas like the shine of the herald dawn on a summer morning, it was like the flush on the water of a coming sunrise—I drew my hand across my face and looked up, expecting the chieftainess would have gone, but she was still there.

"Are you satisfied for the moment, dear trader, or would you catechise me as you did just now yonder by the fire under the altar in the circle?"

"Just now!" I exclaimed, as her words swept back to me the remembrance of the stormy night in the old Saxon days when, with the fair Editha asleep at my knee, that shade had appeared before—"just now! Why, Shadow, that was three hundred years ago!"

"Three hundred what?"

"Three hundred years—full round circles, three hundred varying seasons. Why, Blodwen, forests have been seeded, and grown venerable, and decayed about those stones since we were there!"

"Well, may be they have. I now remember that interval you call a year, and what strange store we set by it, and I dimly recollect," said the dreamy spirit, "what wide-asunder episodes those were between the green flush of your forests and the yellow. But now—why, the grains of sand here on thy tent-floor are not set more close together—do not seem more one simple whole to you, than your trivial seasons do to me. Ah! dear merchant, and as you smile to see the ripples of the sea sparkle a moment in frolic chase of one another, and then be gone into the void from whence they came, so do we lie and watch thy petty years shine for a moment on the smooth bosom of the immense."

Deep, strange, and weird seemed her words to me that night, and much she said more than I have told I could not understand, but sat with bent head and crossed arms full of strange perplexity of feeling, now glancing at the dead soldier-maid my body loved and then looking at that comely column of blue woman-vapour that sat so placid on the foot of the bier and spoke so simply of such wondrous things.

For an hour we talked, and then on a sudden Blodwen started to her feet and stood in listening attitude. "They are coming, Phœnician," she cried, and pointed to the door.

I arose with a strange uneasy feeling and looked out. The grey dawn had spread from sky to sky, and an angry flush was over all the air. The morning wind blew cold and melancholy, and the shrouded mists, like bands of pale spectres, were trooping up the bloody valley before it, but otherwise not a soul was moving, not a sound broke the ghostly stillness. I dropped the awning, and shook my head at the fair priestess, whereon she smiled superior, as one might at a wayward child, and for a minute or two we spoke again together. Then up she got once more, tall and stately, with dilated nostrils and the old proud, expectant look I had seen on her sweet red face so often as we together, hand in hand and heart to heart, had galloped out to tribal war. "They come, Phœnician, and I must go," she whispered, and again she pointed to the tent-door, though never a sound or footfall broke the stillness.

"You shall not, must not go, wife, priestess, Queen!" I

cried, throwing myself on my knee at those shadowy feet, and extending my longing arms. "Oh! you that can awake, put me to sleep—you, that can read to the finish of every half-told tale, relieve me of the long record of my life! Oh, stay and mend my loneliness, or, if you go, let me come too—I ask not how or whither."

"Not yet," she said, "not yet"—And then, while more seemed actually upon her lips, I *did* hear the sound of footfalls outside, and, wondering, I sprang to the curtain and lifted it.

There, outside, standing in the first glint of the yellow sunshine, were some half-dozen of my honest veterans, all with spades and picks and in their leathern doublets.

"You see, Sir," said the spokesman, sorrowfully, the while he scraped the half-dry clay from off his trenching spade, "we have come round for our brave young captain—for your good lady, Sir—the first. Presently we shall be very busy, and we thought mayhap you would like this over as soon and quiet as might be."

They had come for Isobel! I turned back into the tent, wondering what they would think of my strange guest, and she was gone! Not one ray of light was left behind—not one thread of her lavender skirt shone against my black walls—only the cold, pale girl there, stiff and white, with the shine of the dawn upon her dead face; and all my long pain and vigils told upon me, and, with a cry of pain and grief I could not master, I dropped upon a seat and hid my face upon my arm.

(To be continued)

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Songs and Ballads of the West" is the title of a collection made from the mouths of the people by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould and the Rev. H. F. Sheppard. The third part of the collection (just issued) comprises thirty pieces, all of which have much marked character in various styles. They are given with a pianoforte accompaniment. It will be remembered that Mr. Baring-Gould recently delivered some highly interesting lectures on the subject illustrated by the volume now referred to, which is published by Messrs. Melhuon and Co.

Another collection of vocal pieces to which a local interest is attached is a collection of "Cornish Carols" (upwards of thirty in number, and which would seem to supply what was hitherto wanted). The names of the composers are given as W. Eade, T. Broad, J. Coad, J. Stevens, A. Woolf, and R. H. Heath; the last-named being also the publisher, at Redruth. The music is tuneful and vigorous in rhythm, and is mostly set for four-part vocal harmony, free from difficulty. The little volume is very neatly printed; and, being issued at a small price, it should find a ready sale.

Yet another collection with a local association is that of "Sussex Songs," being twenty-six of the popular songs of Sussex, arranged and edited by H. F. B. Reynardson, who states that they were written down, both words and music, exactly as they were sung by country people in the Weald of Sussex. The tunes have the genuine ring of a national style; the melodies and rhythm being clear and distinct. They are given with a pianoforte accompaniment. Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. are the publishers.

Still another work of a national and local character comes from the publishers just named. This, however, is an original composition—a cantata entitled "Gwen, the White Lady of Myddvrai," composed by Mr. J. H. Parry to text by Mr. J. Y. Evans. It is written for four solo voices (associated with the names of the respective characters) and a chorus of female voices. The subject of the book is Welsh, which is also the nationality of the author and the composer. The cantata, which contains some effective music, has been performed with much success.

"Six Songs to Words by Robert Burns" are the composition of Emil Kreuz, who has very successfully infused a national tone in his melodies, which are of a distinctly marked character, without strain or exaggeration. The songs are: "My Heart is Sair," "A red, red Rose," "John Anderson, my Jo," "The Bonnie Wee Thing," "O wilt Thou go wi' Me?" and "Saw ye my Phely?" Each song has a German version (by L. C. Silbergleit). Messrs. Ascherberg and Co. are the publishers.

"The Sea" is the title of a song by the late Ciro Pinsuti, being one of the only two manuscripts left by him, the copyright of which has been secured by the firm of Ricordi and Co. The song is not in the rude, boisterous style which generally characterises vocal pieces of the nautical kind, but is rather a poetical tribute to ocean in its contrasted conditions of agitation and calm. The vocal melody is throughout of a cantabile nature, the accompaniment consisting at first of a series of arpeggio passages, which are followed by a more subdued form, appropriate to the tranquil close of the song, which is worthy the reputation of a composer who has contributed so much and so successfully to this class of music.

"How to Teach Sight-singing," by Mr. John Taylor, is a comprehensive manual intended both for teacher and student. The book comprises several divisions, beginning with a simple course for infants and first beginners. Copious musical examples are given, and minute explanations are furnished. The volume seems to be well worthy the attention of all who are interested in the subject. The publishers are Messrs. George Philip and Son, of Fleet-street, London, and of Liverpool. The same author and publishers have issued an ingenious "Stave Modulator"—a sheet, mounted on canvas, with a sliding column of notes, movable at pleasure. This may be advantageously associated with the volume noticed above. Mr. Taylor and his publishers have likewise issued a collection of "School Songs with Sight-singing Exercises." These are intended both for school and home use. Many of the pieces, words and music, are by Mr. Taylor, others being selected from various sources, old and modern.

"Review of the New York Musical Season, 1889-90." (Novello, Ewer, and Co.)—This volume, prepared by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, is the fifth of its kind. It contains programmes of noteworthy musical occurrences and criticisms, and an appendix giving a survey of the proceedings of various choral societies. Altogether the book furnishes interesting proofs of the great activity exercised in musical matters by our New York cousins.

Dance music for the Christmas supply is already beginning to appear. The "St. James's Dance Album for Christmas, 1890," is just issued by Messrs. W. Morley and Co. Here, for a shilling, we have several pieces, by different composers, in various modern dance forms, bright and tuneful, and well suited to the purposes of the ball-room. Similar in character, form, and price, and entitled to equal praise, is the "Grosvenor Album," consisting of new dances, published by Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson, of New Bond-street.

It is officially announced that the Queen has approved the nomination of the Bishop of Rochester as successor to the Bishop of Winchester on his retirement at the close of the present year.



## A GREEK CONVICT PRISON.

One of the principal State prisons for Greek criminal convicts is built within the ruins of an old Venetian castle, surmounting the lofty rocky promontory which overhangs the town of Nauplia, at one time the capital of Greece. An ascent of a thousand stone steps, or a ride by a winding carriage-road, lands the visitor at the gate of the old castle, where one of the guard will be told off to show him round.

To one who has seen an English convict prison, the first feeling on entering this at Nauplia is one of surprise at the utter absence of that order and discipline which pervade all similar establishments at home. In England, the convict is kept strictly secluded from his fellows, except when employed in some useful outdoor labour for the benefit of the State. The Greek criminals, on the contrary, are employed in no such manner, but are crowded together in open courts, enclosed by the buildings in which they are housed at night, from whose roofs visitors may view the scene below, much after the manner of looking at bears in a pit.

There are two such courts, the one near the gate, for criminals undergoing sentences of less than twenty years' imprisonment; and the other, or "Prison of Miltiades," illustrated in the Sketch, being for those undergoing longer terms of imprisonment, and those condemned to death. Here may be seen a motley crowd of criminals, including brigands, murderers, and other desperate offenders.

Night and day the prisoners have free communication with one another; they wear no uniform, nor are they employed in any useful labour; but they are allowed to amuse themselves by making small articles of wood, bone, and wire, which they pass up, in boxes, to any visitors who appear disposed to purchase them. With the proceeds of their sale they either gamble, or buy luxuries in the way of fruit or tobacco, or tools for the manufacture of their wares; and one convict has had the enterprise to start a coffee-stall, for the mutual benefit of his fellow-prisoners and his own pocket.

Executions take place in a small castle, built on an island in the harbour; the instrument of death being the guillotine, and the executioner one of the fellow-prisoners of the victim, who is chosen by lot to do the deed.

The Sketches are by Mr. R. Hardie, Surgeon, R.N., on board H.M.S. Dreadnought.

The Clothworkers' Company, who made a grant of £30,000 for the building and equipment of the Textile Industries and Dyeing Departments of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, have increased their annual subsidy for the maintenance of these departments and the art classes to £1800.

The Edinburgh correspondent of the *Times* says it has been arranged that the vacancy on the Scottish Bench caused by the resignation of Lord Shand shall be filled up, when the winter session of the Courts opens, by the elevation of the present Solicitor-General (Mr. Moir T. S. Darling), who will take the title of Lord Lethardie, from his paternal estate in Perthshire. The new Judge is in his forty-seventh year.

## THE NEW POLICE MAGISTRATE.

It was recently announced that Mr. Arthur Antwis Hopkins had been appointed a metropolitan police magistrate, in the place of Mr. L. C. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, who resigned. Mr. Hopkins,



MR. A. A. HOPKINS,  
THE NEW METROPOLITAN POLICE MAGISTRATE.

who was born in 1855, was educated at Rugby School, whence he proceeded as an Exhibitioner to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in international honours. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in January 1879, and has practised on the Midland Circuit, occupying also the post of counsel to the Mint authorities at Birmingham Sessions. Mr. Hopkins has taken his seat at the Lambeth Police Court, from which Mr. Partridge is removed to Marylebone.

The retiring magistrate, Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt, bade farewell to the Westminster Police Court on Friday, Oct. 10.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Liberty-street.

## SKETCHES IN CAIRO.

Our Special Artist, Mr. W. D. Almond, on board the steam-yacht *Victoria* in her pleasure-trip up the Mediterranean, had an opportunity of visiting Cairo, and made Sketches of various characteristic figures, types of different classes of the population, in the older part of that great Mussulman city. Many tourists have described the curiously mixed assemblage in the native bazaars. The following extract from Mr. Julian Arnold's pleasant book, entitled "Palms and Temples," which was published in 1882, may serve as an accompaniment to our page of Sketches:—

"Here we spent days in seeing all the sights of Cairo, never wearying, on foot or donkey-back, of wandering through the labyrinth of its streets, and watching their many new spectacles. Colours innumerable gleam in each matting-shaded bazaar as the idle throng saunters through its dusty length, while the open shops vie with the crowd in the brilliancy of the slippers, clothes, or tinsels hung up for sale. On the raised floor of each of these box-like shops sits the sleepy-looking occupant, cross-legged, conversing with some neighbours or a passing friend, and smoking the indispensable cigarette or narghileh. At each turning of the mazy lanes strange scenes and customs attract the attention. The sombrely dressed women, with covered faces, pushing their way among the bright crowds; the cake and bread sellers, in the roadside dust, pushing their strange-looking edibles under the passers' feet, or balancing them on wicker trays upon their heads; the thin net, hung before the unguarded shop, to denote its owner's absence; and the silent salutations of Arab friends, or their noisy quarrels over some disputed bargain in their shopping. Some hamal staggers past, carrying strapped across his back the skin of a goat filled with water, to which his every movement imparts a lifelike wobble; while from the open neck he incessantly spurts great jets of water, thereby exchanging the dust of the road for the doubtful advantage of mud.

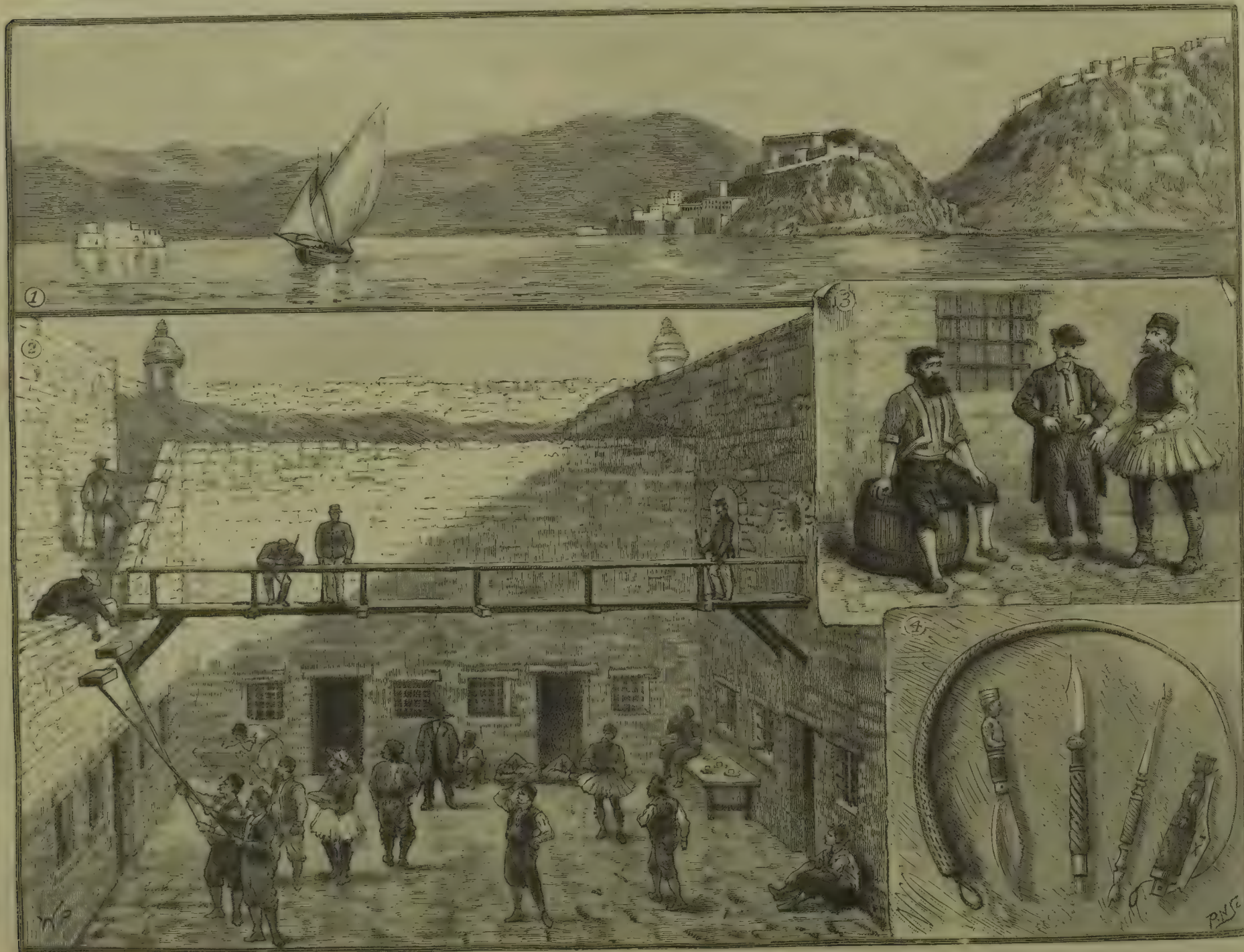
"Strange sounds, too, unlike the busy noise of traffic in the cities of Europe, attract one's notice. The quaint cries of the sellers of fruit, coffee, and dates; the word of warning from the donkey-boys, whose fantastically shaven steeds come rushing through the narrow lanes with reckless disregard of hapless pedestrians; the shout of the 'sais,' or runner, clearing the crowded road for some straggling carriage; the vendors of sherbets, lemonades, and various sweetmeats, crying the nature of their wares, with curious poetic requests to you to buy; and the constant shrieking of the kites and vultures, fighting for their precarious living with the street dogs, on the city dust-heaps—such are but a few of the Cairene clamours."

The governors of the Birmingham General Hospital have decided to erect new buildings on a more convenient site at a cost of considerably over £100,000. The late Miss Ryland bequeathed £25,000 for this purpose; and Mr. J. C. Holder, brewer, has given £5000.

Execution Island.

Barracks.

Prison.



1. General View of Nauplia.

2. Interior of the "Prison of Miltiades": Prisoners offering articles for Sale to Visitors.

3. Different Types of Convicts.

4. Articles made by Prisoners for Sale.

THE GREEK CONVICT PRISON AT NAUPLIA.





CHILDREN SELLING WATER.



FELLAH, OR PEASANT WOMAN.



BEGGAR.



DRAGOMAN.



BAZAAR STALL-KEEPER.



VEILED WOMAN.



WATER-CARRIER.



DONKEY-BOY.



## AN AUTUMN DAY IN THE VALE OF YARROW.

Scotland, richly dowered with scenery in which grandeur and beauty are finely blended, has specially favoured spots where the picturesque charms of Nature are heightened by association with deathless deeds of History or the glamour of Romance. Of such is the favoured Vale of Yarrow—and with a pastoral peace and traditional tenderness peculiarly its own. It has an immortality which no other place shares, however beautiful or historic, a sweetness—uncanny, if you will, but pathetic and winsome—which has found its way into the holiest place of the human heart, and which will for ever there remain.

The last time we trod the Vale of Yarrow was in a bright and memorable summer day now long gone by. It was in our undergraduate days, when everything was seen through the glamorous prism of youthful buoyancy, and when, through its medium, the visions of opening life, if quaintly distorted and somewhat unreal, had the recommendation of being tinged with the strange splendours which fascinate the soul. Then Scott and Byron, of all the poets, were mostly on our tongues; now Wordsworth and Coleridge are the spiritual presences who walk by our side. The contrast has its own significance. Then it was Summer, and we were in the early part of life's day; now it is Autumn, and, if it be not altogether the gloaming with us, still we feel that we are stepping westward, that the sun is at least long past meridian, and that its light is falling with a tender softness upon our faces.

An hour ago we left behind us the sweet little town of Selkirk, situated on the Ettrick, a short distance from where that romantic stream joins the Yarrow. Now we have reached Philiphaugh, where the Scottish Covenanters under General Leslie defeated Montrose so effectually as to destroy the fruit of the six splendid victories he had previously gained. High on the summit of the steep banks of the Yarrow opposite rise the ruins of the stately towers of Newark Castle, emerging grandly from amid the most luxuriant foliage. We cannot but linger to gaze upon the ruddy glow on the birches, elms, and beeches yonder, which the silent witchery of the frost has brought while the world slept, dyeing all the foliage around with scarlet, saffron, and a thousand hues outvying Oriental splendours, and for which the children of men can find no name. As we pass onward through this lonely vale we remember that over this same ground there marched, in 1513, the very flower of the men of Selkirk and Ettrick, on their way to join the ranks of James IV., their hapless King, soon to fall fighting for him at dark Flodden. It was this incident which Mrs. Cockburn of Fernielea bewails in her exquisite ballad "The Flowers of the Forest," which for elegiac sweetness and tearful pathos has not been surpassed. It will ever remain one of the most melodious and touching records of a national calamity; and in the fact that a Scottish lady wrote it there tenderly lies a poetic compensation for her country's disastrous defeat on fateful Flodden field.

As we pass up the winding way amid the lonely hills, green to their rounded summits, the only sounds we hear are the wandering, intermittent murmur of the Yarrow, the bleating of the sheep on the slopes of the encompassing hills, and the shrill yet plaintive whistle of the curlew as he wings his lofty way to his home amid the heather or the sedgy margin of the mountain tarn. The brooding silence around haunts one with a tenderness which is almost pathetic. Wordsworth expresses the feeling in two words, which will remain perfect and eternal as the region they describe—"pastoral melancholy." Scott, too, has finely pictured this scene of silence, in the introduction to the second canto of "Marmion"—

All is loneliness:  
And silence aids, though the steep hills  
Send to the lake a thousand rills;  
In Summer time, so soft they weep,  
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;  
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,  
So stillly lies the solitude.

As we wend our way along the Yarrow, passing the green shelter'd holms round which the silver stream glimmers from amid the graceful birches, or, at intervals, seeing the weather-beaten, crumbling walls of the gaunt, grey peel-tower of the Border riever of the old harrying days, when cattle were lifted, wives were widowed by the sword, and homes were left to the flames, we can understand the two dominating influences—the one silent and holy, the other sanguinary and rude—which gave the distinctive tone and colouring to the grand old ballads which this region inspired. Many of these Border ballads are songs of saddle and sabre, ringing with glorious gallops in which we hear the rattle of the scabbard and the whirling music of the spur. But these belong more directly to the hills and valleys immediately around the Tweed: it was the sad destiny of the dales of the Ettrick and the Yarrow to be more deeply baptised in human pathos and woe. Fire and sword left more cruel marks here than elsewhere, in the old harrying days; and no vale in any land or age has such a mingled record of deeds of daring, human sorrow, and woman's deathless devotion and love, as has this region, "the dowie holms of Yarrow."

Over yonder, to the west of Yarrow Kirk, is possibly the most pathetic spot, as tradition assigns, in all this lonely and romantic vale. Two tall, unhewn stones, evidently of great antiquity, stand about eighty yards apart from each other. Even the cottar's child is schooled in the tragic deed which these stones commemorate, and the hill-shepherd will lower his voice with superstitious awe as he tells you that two lords who slew each other in mortal combat lie buried there. The ballad which tells the tale is one of the finest in all the Border minstrelsy, and its distinctive title, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," only too well presages its dark story. It is supposed to refer to a duel fought near Yarrow Kirk by John Scott of Tushielaw and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert Scott of Thirlestane, in which one was slain on the spot and the other mortally wounded. The minstrel is unknown who laid hold of the tragic fact, and, weaving around it the wild music of his harp, left an exquisite picture of pathos, woe, and woman's devotion, for all time. It is a ballad of doughty deeds done by the noble hero, of fighting against fearful odds, of treachery, and of death. The tidings is borne to his yearning, anxious wife that her brave lord, in his last, long rest—

Is sleeping sound on Yarrow.

In her sublime despair she goes forth on her *via dolorosa*, clothed with "dole and sorrow":—

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,  
She searcht his wounds all thorough;  
She kissed him till her lips grew red,  
On the dowie holms o' Yarrow.

The pathetic heart-hunger, stronger than life, brought out in these lines, notably the third—

She kissed him till her lips grew red

is exquisite. No poet has ever exceeded, in any kindred theme, the dramatic touch in this line. Sophocles, in his sublimest

tragic flights, cannot surpass it, nor can Shakespeare. It is not Medea, certainly; neither is it Lady Macbeth, but it is as highly tragic, and as true to nature.

But we must hasten on, as St. Mary's Loch—that vision of beauty and perfect peace—must be reached ere sinks the westerling autumn sun. As we trudge along through this delectable dale there arise in our heart Wordsworth's lines—

Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow  
That earth has something yet to show—  
The bonnie holms of Yarrow!

A. L.

## NEW FREE LIBRARY, CLERKENWELL.

The Lord Mayor of London, with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, on Friday, Oct. 10, opened the Free Library for Clerkenwell, in Skinner-street, near the Vestry Hall. This building has been erected on a site given by the Skinners' Company, from the designs of Messrs. Karslake and Mortimer, by Messrs. J. McCormick and Sons, at an estimated cost of £6500. It is a handsome structure of red brick and terracotta in the Renaissance style. The reading-rooms are well proportioned, well lighted, and ventilated. Fifty readers can be accommodated in each department at one time; and in the library proper there is a place specially screened off for ladies. The news-room is 60 ft. by 30 ft., with a height of 15 ft. It is furnished with armchairs. The scheme for a library originated with an offer made by Mr. R. M. Holborn to give a sum of £600 towards the erection of a similar building in Islington if the residents of that district would adopt the Free Libraries Acts. They refused to do so, and Mr. Holborn transferred his offer to Clerkenwell, which ultimately took the form of £300 in cash and over a thousand volumes. An



THE CLERKENWELL FREE LIBRARY, OPENED OCT. 10.

additional offer of £600 was received from Captain Penton, M.P. A strong committee was appointed, and worked hard in securing the adoption of the Acts. Some litigation which arose over the polling of the parish having been settled, temporary premises were opened in Tysoe-street, in November 1888. The library has been greatly appreciated by the inhabitants of Clerkenwell. Among those who took part in the opening were Earl Compton, M.P., Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., and the gentlemen above named. The Rev. J. H. Rose (Chairman of the Commissioners) presided, and said that the public-library about to be opened was the first one established on the north of the Thames east of Kensal-green. The lending department of the institution included 10,000 volumes, and the reference department was growing. The Clerkenwell people had proved themselves very eager readers.

The Mersey Docks and Harbour Board have voted £10,600 for the purpose of doubling the present accommodation for the examination of the baggage of passengers by Transatlantic steamers at the Prince's Landing Stage.

Mr. Diggle, the Chairman of the London School Board, made his annual statement at a meeting of that body on Oct. 9. He said that London now possesses sufficient school places to meet the requirements of the Education Department, and provision is being made for eighty thousand others, owing to the growth of the population. Neither in the average of the school attendance, nor in its regularity, is any improvement shown, and their chief hope lies in the increasing usefulness and attractiveness of their schools. There is, however, an increased attendance at the evening schools. The Rev. J. Diggle added that the Board's general finance is not in a satisfactory condition, for there had been a considerable expansion of the Board's expenditure, without a corresponding increase in the amount of work done.

At St. John's College, Oxford, Mr. J. U. Powell, B.A., has been elected to an Official Fellowship. Mr. William Cecil Bosanquet, B.A., has been elected to a Fellowship at New College; he obtained a First Class in Moderations 1887, and in Literis Humanioribus 1889. No election has been made to the Classical and Mathematical Scholarships. Mr. Ehrke, of Bath College, has been elected to an Exhibition of £40; and Mr. Dimont, of Worcester School, to one of £30.—At Cambridge, the undermentioned gentlemen have been elected to Fellowships at Trinity: John Henry Michell, B.A., bracketed Second Wrangler 1887, First Division Mathematical Tripos 1888; Anthony Ashley Bevan, B.A., Head of the Semitic Languages Tripos 1887; William Edward Brunyate, B.A., Second Wrangler 1888; John Stuart Mackenzie, B.A., Head of the Moral Sciences Tripos (distinguished in Moral Philosophy) 1889. On the 10th Dr. Smith's prizes for the best proficient among Bachelors of Arts in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy were adjudged as follows: The first to Mr. R. A. Sampson, B.A., of St. John's College, for his essay on "Stokes's Current Function"; the second to Mr. W. E. Brunyate, B.A., Fellow of Trinity College, for his essay on the "Associated Concomitants of Ternary Forms." The examiners are of opinion that the essay sent in by Mr. J. Buchanan, B.A., of Peterhouse, is of great merit.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

### MORE ABOUT NOISE.

Nowadays we have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, societies for the promotion of female suffrage, societies for permitting you to prevent me from doing work in my own way and at my own price. We have societies, in fact, for everything; but nobody, as far as I have heard, has yet conceived the idea of founding a Society for the Abolition of Noise. Such a body, let me assure my friends and neighbours, is certainly "a great desideratum," as the inventor of a new brace put it the other day; and I am perfectly sure and certain the society which should take "No Noise" as its aim and motto would have its hands very full, and the time and abilities of its members completely occupied. When one thinks over it, there is an immense amount of what a schoolboy would call needless "row" in this planet of ours. Noises could never be completely abolished, I suppose. Still, I should call my society that for the Abolition of Noise, because every reformer knows he has to go much further than he expects people to follow, in order to get them up to a very mediocre and commonplace degree of improvement. What one might really aim at would be the suppression of noises which were really unnecessary; and that, I apprehend, would be a task occupying the best energies of a man for a thousand years or so.

There is, however, one clear way out of the difficulty. If once we could get people to see how much more charming the world would be to all of us if noise were limited in amount, everybody would then become a member of my society; and, as most people are noisy in one way or another, personal efforts to restrict their own share of the evil would *de facto* attain the object my beneficent society had in view. There is a household axiom which says that if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself. Doubtless there is a *souper* of conceit about this aphorism which most of us overlook. None the less, it is founded on commonsense, and, in the matter of noise, we shall find that the repression of the needless sound and thunder of life is really a task, which depends for its successful carrying out on individual effort, and on individual appreciation of the excellence of the work. Nobody, however, I suppose, will doubt either that there is a vast deal of noise in the world, or that much of it is preventable. One leaves the busy city and goes to the country. Delightful quiet replaces the rattle and the roar of the town. The noise of traffic, which even your double windows fail to shut out, is gone. Your slumber is of a refreshing kind; and you dwell for a time in a Paradise of quiet. When you return to the city, how discordant sounds the roar of the traffic! and you lie and toss in bed until the small hours on account of the "row" and rattle which late omnibuses, and still later cabs, make, as they pass your domicile.

Now, noise, I need not say, is a powerful factor in inducing nervous worry. When you are young, and well, and hearty, you rather enjoy the din and bustle than otherwise; but when middle life creeps on, you develop a natural irritability when your jaded nerves are further harassed by the rattle of the town. Every nerve acts on a sensitive nervous apparatus in the shape of the ear, and through this is conveyed to the brain centres, affecting in turn the organ of mind itself. A headache as the result of noise is no new thing, unfortunately, and its occurrence only teaches us what, in a minor degree, the din of life is doing imperceptibly to us all. Nerve-worry, so physicians tell us, is on the increase among us. If this be true, I have no hesitation in saying that noise plays a most important part in inducing this worry and exhaustion with which *le fin du siècle* is charged. Every attempt to limit noise is a gain to the race. It is a saving to the health of the nervous system, and an element in the prolongation of life through the preservation of health. People are always anxious to know if it will "pay" to do this or that. I can promise them a rich percentage, in the shape of increased health, for all the outlay, in the shape of care they may take, in limiting the din of life.

It is really astounding to find how little trouble most of us take in this matter of preventing noise. Study anybody's movements, yourself included, and you will not fail to discover in a few minutes something or other which will suggest the remark that "that noise might have been avoided." Mr. A comes home at, say, 1 a.m., and, instead of closing his bedroom door quietly, he bangs it. This wakes Mr. B or Mrs. C, and induces (through sheer selfish thoughtlessness on A's part) the worry of awakening on the part of, at least, two persons. Or Mr. D, who comes into his house (or hotel) at 2 a.m., instead of taking off his boots at once, tramps about over your head for full fifteen minutes; indulges in a whistling obligato from "The Gondoliers" while he undresses, and ends by throwing down his boots like a hundredweight of coals in the lobby, banging his door as a grand finale to his performances. Is there no thought ever crosses the brains of people that they are most horribly inconsiderate in such performances? I suppose not; yet one cannot be regarded as a grumbler and a hypochondriac when one objects to the needless propagation of noise, especially when people are asleep.

What has been done to prevent noise—indirectly, at least—of late years, both in the matter of roadways and vehicles, deserves notice, because everybody says "How nice!" when they are brought face to face with the improvements in question. For example, wood pavement has been a boon and a blessing to city folk. I know a certain roadway over which passes a great part of a city's traffic. It is paved mostly with granite blocks, and sleep is out of the question if you reside near the thoroughfare in question, and tenant a bedroom facing the road. Night and day the rattle and roar proceed, till you are lulled into stupidity by the thud, thud, of wheel and hoof. Here and there a patch of wood pavement has been laid down; and, when you have resided near such a patch, you find it a haven of rest, for which you become devoutly thankful. It is only when you hear the difference, and know it, between the noisy street and the quiet one, that you begin to appreciate what my appeal for "less noise" means and implies. Then, think of the new and improved hansom cabs with indiarubber tyres on their wheels. Everybody knows what a bone-shaker is, and the rattle of glass (commend me to a hotel "bus" in an old-fashioned town for such rattle in perfection) and uproar of the vehicle generally are simply deafening. Now, however, your hansom, in its indiarubber-clad wheels, slips over the ground noiselessly; and you can talk at ease with your companion in the tone of voice regarded (by polite society) as that proper to a cultured person.

The true solution of the noise question, however, as I have said, is the personal culture of the desire to avoid doing things noisily and loudly. If only we all would try to go through life with just a little more consideration for other people, we should find, in a few days, a wonderful difference in respect of the nervous worry which besets us. Nobody may expect that the whole race can ever be duly impressed with the desirability of avoiding noise, but much might be done by all of us to limit the din we otherwise so easily make. It is not a bad old world this of ours, after all; but to make it better we want less thieving and stealing, less lying and prying, less boasting and bragging, less ostentation and less unkindness—and, above all, less Noise.

ANDREW WILSON.



## BERCK-ON-SEA :

## A NEWLY FOUND WATERING-PLACE.

A watering-place with a fine sea, magnificent sands stretching away to a boundless extent; that is picturesque, eminently foreign and primitive—for it is two or three miles from a railway—which is, further, cheap to a degree, and can be reached within about six hours from town, has certainly claims for a little more notoriety and favour than it has enjoyed. I note that our old friend the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company has been tempting us to make trial of this inviting little place by the bait of cheap "Saturday to Monday tickets." I know not with what result. However this may be, there is but little time left, for a railway is already talked of that is to join the little place to the station at Verton, about two hours from Boulogne. Then, hey presto! down will tumble all the pastoral primitiveness—the seclusion; the cheapness will fly like magic; a Grand Hotel and Casino, or *établissement*, will arise, and we shall know our old Berck-sur-Mer no more.

Halting at Verton, which is about halfway between Boulogne and Abbeville, we emerge from the station into a shady green lane, and we meet the first evidence of the highly rural state of things that obtains in the district. Here is gathered a set of crazy omnibuses, two-wheeled carts, and shattered vehicles of all kinds. The traveller is encompassed by about a score of *nos bons villageois*, notably women, who contend for him, all chattering, shrieking, and extolling their shandrydands. The sort of rude butcher's cart offered to him he will naturally reject as a *mauvaise plaisanterie*; but by-and-by he will learn that he has lost an agreeable airy drive, and that this is but the fashionable vehicle in the place, a peasant woman being the driver. Selecting one of the shattered-looking half-omnibuses, I was sent off in state, having the vehicle and pair all to myself, pursued by the execrations of the unselected, or the "unhung," as they have it at the Academy; though this was a destiny one would heartily have wished them. Most pleasing was the drive along that leafy, countryfyed road, in spite of the bumpings and rattlings, and the overpowering sand which seemed to be everywhere. Gradually great dunes and embankments betokened that the sea was at hand, to which we were now gradually approaching, and here was a truly French village, where we draw up at the door of the "Voyager's Rest." Another half-mile or so, and we have reached a sort of street of wooden houses or chalets, which opens fan-like until it touches the shore. This is Berck-on-Sea, which abounds in grandly named hotels—"Great Hotel of the Shore," "Grand Hotel," "Grand Hotel of Berck." It is difficult to choose from a collection of names, and I had a consultation with the rude peasant who drove as to their merits. With him, however, they were all "noble and magnificent." Selecting it of Berck at a venture, I was dragged to it, through sands up to the axles, and found a dun-coloured, loghouse-looking place, which did not fascinate the eye. However, here they all were in sight, all more or less loghouses; and, looking leisurely from my omnibus windows, I pitched on him of the "Plage," or Shore Hotel, which was well on to the sea, and where there was a vast expanse of wood displayed, and to it was hauled up through the sands.

Having discharged my omnibus and pair, whose charge was but a couple of francs, though this was higher than the usual tariff, because claimed as "a special carriage," I was, in a few moments, in possession of Berck and of all its capacities and enjoyments. As I said, the houses, which are almost all chalets and of wood, instead of lining the shore, spread down to it. The sands seem literally boundless, and stretch out to right and left and forward in the most wonderful way. But there is a curious tone of sadness over the expanse, which is found attractive to artists. The sand mixed with grass and earth banks rises well up to the street, where there is no formal attempt at a road, beyond what wheels and horses' hoofs may do for it. It is seldom, however, that one sees this wooden house-building carried out in so wholesale a fashion. Our "Grand Hotel" can hold some two hundred persons, and seems a firm structure enough, with its handsome outside gallery looking on the sea. We have rather an attenuated company, not more than a score, who are merry enough. I think it will be conceded that it is a cheap place enough, when I say that most of the hotels will "do" you in their best style for eight francs a day, and some, more unpretending, for five and six. A stout, rubicund old fellow of our company, with a highly moist eye, kept the fun going: the "low comedian" of the party, he was highly popular, and "led" some strange "small plays" emphasised by smart claps of his hands, and loud shrieks and yells when he began to "burn."

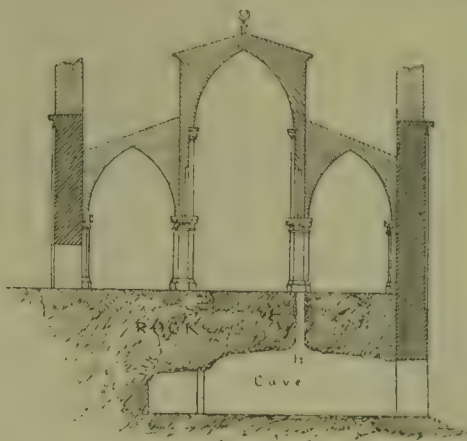
The children are in great force, and literally revel in the abundant sands, the butchers' carts aforesaid, and the stout donkeys. I encountered one spirited, picturesque little family everywhere; three little girls with their attendant *bonne*, or governess, with little scarlet fishwoman's petticoats, and Basque or Tam o' Shanter caps. It is a stirring sight to look down from the chalet balcony into the sandy avenue below, and see the little party starting; half a dozen donkeys are clustered below with their attendant drivers, worthy peasant women, chattering and clammering. The little English-women can chatter French as well as the best of them; they leap gaily into their saddles, and off they go, to the delight of all the admiring French parents, who are gathered in their windows and balconies. Later, driving along in one of the market carts, I encounter the cavalcade, which quite fills the road; and later again, when the heavy rain comes on, we find them again cantering home at the *pas de charge*. It is curious to contrast these spirited creatures, full of "go," and even authority, with their pale, decorous, and rather theatrical French companions, who look on in wonder.

There is a fine habitation here, on the very edge of the sea, a huge sort of convalescent home, maintained by the city of Paris for its own arabs. There are five or six hundred of them here, under the charge of some seventy Sisters of Charity; and it does one's heart good to see these poor little "Tiny Tims," with their crutches and shortened limbs, disporting in crowds on the sands, and drinking in the healthful sea air provided for them gratuitously with an exquisite enjoyment. One of the Rothschild family has a home for the Jewish children, with a handsome chalet for himself. Mr. Wills, the well-known dramatist, was shrewd enough to "discover" Berck-on-Sea, nigh twenty years ago, and used to come here regularly. And, indeed, to the artist we can fancy it must be a most welcome and suggestive spot. For the extended shore has a curious impression, with, as I said, a kind of tender sadness and grace which is most inviting. In its other aspects Berck-on-Sea is original enough, and primitive too, offering a picture of unhackneyed French life and manners. And I would advise families to take due note of its tranquil charms, and respond to the invitation of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, who, as I said, will carry them to Berck in a few hours.

In the presence of a large and influential assemblage, on Oct. 9, the Mayoress of Hastings screwed the last of the 22,500 bolts in the ironwork of St. Leonards pier.

## THE HARAM AT HEBRON.

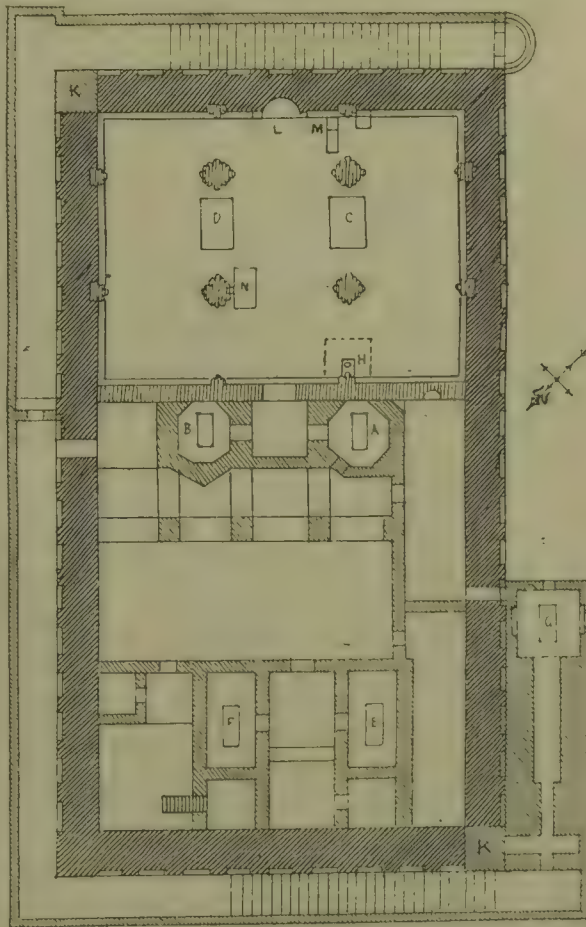
By permission of Mr. Glaisher and the Executive Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, we are able to give the first pictorial representation of the interior of the Haram at Hebron that has appeared in England. This sacred shrine is very small in comparison with the Haram at Jerusalem; and its sanctity



SECTION OF THE HARAM OF HEBRON, WITH THE CAVE OF MACHPELAIH.

is so closely guarded by the Mohammedans that as yet few Europeans have been allowed the privilege of visiting the interior. A Firman from Constantinople is necessary, and few are in a position to procure a document of that kind. The only persons from England who have seen the inside of the Haram at Hebron are the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by Dean Stanley, on April 6, 1862; Mr. James Fergusson, who saw it about two years later; and, shortly afterwards, the Marquis of Bute; since then the two sons of the Prince of Wales, who were there on April 5, 1882; and Major Conder, who entered along with them. Notes were made at each of these visits, and a plan of the Haram was sketched out—the later visitor adding to and correcting what had been done previously. We give this plan, according to the latest authorities, and slightly corrected, in some small details, from a photograph taken by Mr. G. Krikorian, of Jerusalem, who managed somehow to procure an entrance, or at least to get his camera admitted.

To understand the interest of this very sacred place—sacred alike to Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians—it is necessary to explain that it is constructed on the rock over the Cave of Machpelah, which Abraham bought from Ephron the Hittite as a burial-place, and in which his wife Sarah, and himself afterwards, were buried. Isaac and Rebekah, as well as Jacob and Leah, were likewise believed to have been interred in this cave. The tomb of Joseph is also shown there. The character and arrangement of the place will be best understood from the plan and section here given. There is no entrance to the cave below, or at least none has as yet been discovered; consequently its exact form and extent are unknown. There is only a small hole, through the floor of the Haram, which communicates with the cave, but through this diminutive aperture nothing can be distinguished. The



■ Ancient Walls  
■ Christian Construction.  
■ Mohammedan Construction

PLAN OF THE HARAM OF HEBRON.

Mohammedans write petitions on small bits of paper, which are dropped through the hole, under the belief that Abraham, whom they call El-Khulil, or "The Friend of God," will act the part of intercessor for them.

The Crusaders captured the place early in the twelfth century, and constructed a church, of which the pillars, capitals, and Gothic arches shown in our illustration still remain. When the Moslems afterwards came into possession, the church was converted into a mosque; and our illustration shows the Mihrab, or niche in the southern wall, a necessary

feature in all mosques, which indicates the direction of Mecca. The marble slabs and ornamentation round the Mihrab are, of course, all Mohammedan work: so are the tombs, two only being visible in the photograph—namely, those of Isaac, on the right, and Rebekah, on the left hand. These are also of Mohammedan construction. How far they correspond with the position of the bodies in the cave below is a point on which we have as yet no information.

Mr. Fergusson describes the tombs as being "covered with veils of rich silk embroidered in gold, in very elaborate and beautiful designs." He adds that "the tombs of Abraham and Sarah, as well as of Jacob and Leah, are each in small compartments by themselves, outside the mosque. The places of honour are reserved for Isaac and Rebekah, who occupy prominent positions in the centre of the mosque." By the word "mosque" Mr. Fergusson here means that part of the Haram which was formerly the Christian Church, but the Mohammedans, no doubt, consider the whole Haram, from its sanctity, to be a Masjid, or place of prayer. Major Conder also describes the tombs of Isaac and Rebekah: he says, "They lie in the direction of the length of the nave, Isaac on the side of the right aisle. They are thus not buried in accordance with Moslem custom, as they would in such case lie at right angles to their actual position, on their right sides, with their faces turned to the Mihrab, or prayer recess. The same remark applies to the four other cenotaphs, and to the two cenotaphs of Joseph, without the Haram. The cenotaphs of Isaac and Rebekah are enclosed in masonry shrines of oblong form, with gabled roofs, the ridges of which are about 12 ft. above the church floor. The walls and roofs of the shrines are of well-dressed ashlar, in alternate bands of yellowish and reddish limestone, of the kind now known as Santa Croce marble, found in the vicinity. At the gable ends are brass crescents; in the sides and roofs are windows."

## MRS. FAWCETT ON POVERTY AND ITS CAUSES.

On Oct. 10 Mrs. Fawcett began a course of lectures at Welbeck Hall, Welbeck-street, in connection with the Marylebone centre of the University Extension Lecture movement, on "Problems of Poverty." Mr. G. T. Pilcher presided. Mrs. Fawcett, in the course of her opening address, which dealt with the causes of poverty, said idlers of all classes, whether they were professional beggars and thieves or "Jubilee Plungers," were those who preyed upon the well-being of society, and not only did not add to a nation's wealth, but caused it to be poorer and more and more demoralised. With respect to effective workers, a satisfactory change had taken place in society in encouraging certain classes of people, who were formerly not included in this category, to enter the body of effective workers—she meant that social change which encouraged considerable numbers of those who belonged to the wealthier and aristocratic classes to engage in professional and other pursuits. She also referred more particularly to that other social movement which encouraged the industrial and professional employment of women. In this connection she thought it must never be forgotten that a woman with a family which she brought up well was doing as great a work economically and socially as any person was capable of performing. Among the causes of poverty she placed first intemperance, and the poor health and imbecility, or partial imbecility, which were often caused by intemperance. Another cause of poverty was ignorance, not merely the want of book-learning, but imperfect knowledge of and imperfect control over the powers of nature. A prolific cause of poverty or of low wages was a low degree of efficiency on the part of the labourer. Other causes of poverty were the inherent sterility of the land—as in many parts of Ireland—the enormous cost of modern armaments, and over-population. Speaking broadly, she said that any physical, mental, moral, or social condition which lowered the powers of the individual as a productive agent was a cause of poverty.

Mr. Alfred Grundy, of Manchester, solicitor, has promised to erect public baths for Heywood, at an estimated cost of more than £2000.

The Duke of Westminster has been re-elected President of the University College of North Wales for a further term of five years, the Earl of Powis being elected Vice-president.

Large numbers of visitors from all parts of Ireland arrived in Cork on Oct. 9, to take part in celebrating the centenary of the birth of Father Mathew, who during life was specially identified with the city. In the morning high mass was celebrated in Charlotte Quay Church, which Father Mathew founded. Subsequently the Mayor entertained the clergy, the representatives of public bodies, and the distinguished visitors at lunch. The Mayor and Corporation gave a reception in the evening, and the programme of the day concluded with a concert.

At the Crystal Palace, on Oct. 9, the annual hardy fruit show was opened, and in the opinion of the judges it was the best which had ever been held at Sydenham, the fine September having especially favoured the apples. As a counterpart to this show and to that of the fine show of fresh fruit recently held in the Guildhall under the auspices of the Company of Fruiterers, the Royal Horticultural Society held a great national exhibition of preserved and dried fruits, jams, fruit-syrups, fruit-jellies, &c., in the spacious drill-hall of the London Scottish Volunteers, James-street, Victoria-street, Westminster, on Oct. 14 and two following days.

The official list of awards at the Edinburgh International Exhibition has been issued. The order of the principal awards is as follows: Diploma of honour, gold medal, silver medal, bronze medal, and honourable mention. Although a considerable proportion of the awards fell to exhibitors from Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other towns in Scotland, a large number went to other parts of the United Kingdom, as well as abroad. In the complimentary list of exhibitors the diploma of honour was conferred on Robey and Co., Globe Works, Lincoln, steam-engines; Ruston and Proctor, Sheaf Works, Lincoln, 25-horse power compound engine. Thirty-four gold medals go to exhibitors from London, and twenty gold medals go to other parts of England. Exhibitors from London and the English provinces have also got a large number of silver and bronze medals and diplomas.

At Cannon-street Hotel, on Oct. 9, the fifty-sixth annual festival in aid of the Metropolitan Beer and Wine Trade Asylum and Benevolent Fund, Nunhead-green, took place. Over 300 supporters of this excellent institution assembled, under the presidency of Mr. Benjamin Thorne, who drew a glowing picture of the health and happiness enjoyed by the recipients of the charity. There are, it seems, twenty-eight inmates in the asylum, and, in addition to coals and medical attendance—happily a rare necessity—they each receive a weekly allowance of seven shillings. The chairman stated that the board of management now propose to increase that amount, and on that ground he made an earnest appeal to the "better feelings" of the gathering. As a result of his eloquence, the popular secretary (Mr. Colin Oliphant) was able to announce donations to the amount of 1200 guineas.





INTERIOR OF THE HARAM AT HEBRON, WITH THE TOMBS OF ISAAC AND REBEKAH.



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

BY MAX LUDBY.





THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.



## NOVELS.

*Come Forth!* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. (W. Heinemann.)—The American lady whose former name, long since associated with several works of fiction reputed to be of an edifying religious tendency, has been exchanged for that of "Mrs. Herbert Ward" by her marriage with an orthodox minister of religion, must be credited with an intention to promote belief in Christianity, as commonly understood by the majority of professing believers. But Mrs. Herbert Ward deals more unfairly with the Gospel history than Mrs. Humphry Ward, the writer of "Robert Elsmere." It is not the business of mere literary criticism either to recommend or to oppose any novel that may come under review, upon the grounds of its being favourable, or on the contrary of its presenting fresh embarrassments, to generally received theological doctrines. One of those doctrines, however, is the reality of the miracles ascribed to Jesus Christ in the narrative books of the New Testament. Can anybody, clergyman or layman, soberly consider that the objections—whether scientific and philosophical, or based on the rules and practice of judgment from historical evidence, or arising from considerations of the spiritual quality of Divine Truth and the mode of its communications to the human mind—which have prevented some devout persons from giving credence to miracles, are to be lessened by using them as materials of an avowed romance? If so, then let such writings have their way freely. But there are conditions of taste and sentiment, and there are requirements of consistency and ethical probability, which the critic of a story like this may not overlook. The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, and even Raphael's Cartoons, or "Paradise Regained," may be estimated as works of art; but it will be acknowledged that the imaginative treatment of such themes demands a sound conception of the character and actions, in all human relations, of that sublime and sacred Personage who is represented as bearing the principal part. In this respect, we regret to say, Mrs. Herbert Ward has utterly failed, by want of perception of the incongruous, to consult the dignity of Christ's life on earth, and the spirituality and sanctity of His mission, for which she certainly entertains as great reverence as other Christians do.

It is with much repugnance of feeling that we examine her strange fancies in this story. She tells us that Jesus, a young carpenter of Nazareth, was once employed as a workman in his trade by Lazarus, a master-builder of Bethany and Jerusalem; and that Jesus one day astonished Lazarus by making a chisel fly up to a frieze on the wall, sixty feet overhead, and there carve a bunch of grapes, without the direction of a human hand. This is said to have taken place at the beginning of their acquaintance, several years before the commencement of Christ's public mission.

Now, if any such miracle were recorded in the New Testament, it would be felt, we think, to be so unworthy of the Divine Redeemer of mankind as to throw discredit on all other reported miracles. It would appear on a level with those silly tales in the Apocryphal or spurious books, in which Jesus is said, when a little boy playing with other children, to have given life and flight to small figures of birds, moulded of clay. As Mrs. Herbert Ward relates this trumpery anecdote, it is unaccompanied by any express appeal to the power of God, by any word or silent sign of prayer, by any exhortation of piety: this and subsequent wonder-working acts of Jesus are merely tokens of his own personal superiority to ordinary men, serving to lay the foundation of "his tremendous popularity as a travelling Rabbi." We say that such behaviour, which is utterly discordant with the genuine evangelical view of Christ's life and character, is also inconsistent with the heroic moral purity, the integrity, the saintly wisdom, the sublime humility, becoming an ideal personage of fiction who is designed to figure as a true religious teacher.

There was a noble-minded woman, of high genius and profound earnestness, the late "George Eliot," who rejected Christianity, but whose heart and spirit were under deep impressions of religious awe, high moral aspirations, and tender consideration for those human longings after the infinite and the eternal which can never be satisfied by science. "George Eliot," if she had ever presumed to introduce the person of Christ into a poem or romance, would have delineated Him far more like what Christians love and adore and trust in than Mrs. Herbert Ward has done; for she understood, at any rate, the capacities of human virtue, and the harmonising influences of self-consecration to a Divine purpose. This is a story of miracles performed by Jesus. Now, we find two of these miracles, the healing of the afflicted girl Ariella, who had lain nine years helpless and in pain with an injury to her spine, and the restoring of sight to Baruch, the man born blind, perfectly in agreement with those recorded in the New Testament. They are works of compassion and mercy, such as a personage endowed with supernatural powers, or favoured by God, the Almighty Father, with consent and special aid to execute his benevolent wishes, might be expected to perform. It may also be said that the authoress, in her description of the patient sufferings of the Jewish maiden, and of the joyful, innocent, grateful wonder at her restoration to health and strength, has treated this part of the story with a pathetic force and grace which the reader will feel to be very touching; the circumstances, and the conversations among the neighbours at Bethany, especially the talk of the women, are naturally and vividly presented. The case of Baruch, her blind lover, who humbly begs the help of Jesus for Ariella, but who is so unselfish that he forgets to ask a boon for himself, though but to see her sweet face one moment would be happiness for his whole life, is likewise a beautiful passage in this story. These are incidents of the purest human interest, similar to those which may readily arise, in a sympathetic and imaginative mind, from thinking of most of the miracles narrated in the Gospels; and it need scarcely be said that the Raising of Lazarus, the crowning event of "Come Forth," is the most powerful instance of the same character. The authoress has succeeded fairly well in her pictures of Jewish domestic life, of family and friendly intercourse, and in her feminine portraiture; there is some humour in the household pride of Mrs. Martha, a bustling widow of the wealthy middle class; and her gentle sister Mary is a lovable person. But the main plot of the story, which turns on a romantic intrigue, discredibly conducted, between Lazarus, the clever, thriving, presuming Jewish tradesman or skilled master-artisan, and Zahara, the splendid and voluptuous daughter of Annas the High Priest, belongs to a vulgar sort of fiction. That the agency of Jesus should be mixed up, however indirectly, with transactions of that kind is an invention in extremely bad taste, and repulsive to wholesome feeling.

It is not indeed suggested that Jesus, the friend and teacher of Lazarus, though He must be supposed to know the hearts and lives of men, was privy to the clandestine interviews of this amorous young tradesman, employed on architectural repairs in the palace of Annas, with the daughter of the haughty ecclesiastical Prince. But when Zahara, sojourning with her father's household at Capernaum, is

rowed out in a skiff on the lake, is overtaken by the sudden storm, and is in peril of drowning, Jesus, walking on the waves—surely, too sublime a scene for any motive less than that of confirming the faith of His chosen disciples—takes up the young lady, brings her safely to shore, and lays her at the feet of her questionable lover. What a travesty of sacred history! Christ would have saved a drowning girl: so would any man who could. But the secret engagement between Lazarus and Zahara, if not positively dishonest, when he was her father's guest and treated with confidence, was evidently no better than the ardent fancy of any rash young man for a beautiful girl of superior rank; and, on her part, the wilfulness—almost wantonness—of a spoiled child of whim and luxury, violating the proprieties of her sex and age, breaking loose from parental control, is shocking in a Jewish family of the highest aristocratic and sacerdotal dignity—this monstrous social indiscretion perpetrated by a friend of Christ! Zahara, as she has been taught, despising and detesting the Prophet of Nazareth, uses all female seductions to woo her lover away from his Master. Her influence on Lazarus is demoralising; it is, from an evangelical point of view, that of "the world, the flesh, and the devil"; it could only be passable in a commonplace profane novel, and would fail, even there, to deserve the sympathy of right-minded people. A few months later, after their return to Jerusalem, this audacious master-builder, having work to do in the Temple, discovers a subterranean passage to the garden of the High Priest's Palace: he invites Zahara, assisted by two slaves, to descend for repeated passionate meetings with him in the underground recesses. Annas detects the base conspiracy, finds Lazarus there, and has a scuffle with him; then orders the cistern water to be turned into the passage, not being aware that his daughter is still hiding there. We are asked to imagine that Jesus, who was then at a distance from Jerusalem, performed another miracle, to stop the water and save this precious couple from being drowned! There is a rumour of this, at any rate, among the priests and Levites of the Temple. Could any novelist devise a more absurdly incongruous invention? Well, Zahara is carried back into her father's house, while Lazarus, half dead, is thrown over a wall, picked up, and taken to his home at Bethany, where he is nursed five days by Martha and Mary, and has the best medical advice, but dies, Jesus having refused to come to him, and is entombed in the family sepulchre. After Lazarus had been dead four days, we learn, from a history which is of infinitely higher value than all religious fiction-manufacturers can produce, how Jesus Christ bade Lazarus "Come forth!" and what then took place. The eleventh chapter of the "Gospel according to St. John" relates this solemn and affecting story in a manner far more credible than the concluding chapters of the present volume. It does not mention that Zahara, having escaped from paternal custody, was at the sepulchre and spoke to Jesus, assuring Him that Lazarus had loved Him and believed in Him, and that it was "all her fault." Nor had we been informed, until now, that Lazarus, after his return to life, married this high-born lady in spite of the High Priest; and that they lived happily, avoiding persecution, and instructed in the truths of spiritual Christianity which they had never learnt during the Saviour's lifetime. What Lazarus had learnt in the tomb, we do not know; for, as Tennyson says—

He told it not; or something sealed  
The lips of that Evangelist.

It was reserved, apparently, for books like "The Gates Ajar" to give an insight into those ineffable mysteries. We would rather the authoress had refrained from the exercise of an unwarrantable fancy on the human relations of One whose earthly life, if not above history, should be above the reach of fiction.

*The Moment After: A Tale of the Unseen.* By Robert Buchanan. (W. Heinemann.)—The belief in a continued or renewed existence of the individual human consciousness, after the dissolution of its temporary mortal habitation, is too important, on grounds not only of religious faith but also of reason and philosophy, to be a suitable theme of imaginative fancy. We are sure that Mr. Robert Buchanan, as well as the author, Mrs. Oliphant, of a remarkable tale called "The Little Pilgrim," and two or three other writers of supposed revelations of the experiences of the soul after dying—one is called "A Dead Man's Diary"—could have none but good motives for such treatment of a solemn subject. But such literary attempts are presumptuous, unwarranted by the authorised teachings of any Christian Church, or any positive statement in the Scriptures; and their tendency is to substitute fantastic dreams, compounded of imagery drawn from the world of sensation, for simple reliance on Divine wisdom and mercy. In this story, it appears to us, Mr. Buchanan, with a manifest intention to do service to the cause of what he holds to be spiritual truth, has misapplied his powers, which are considerable, of impressive narrative and description. The person who is said to have died and to have been restored to human life on earth, bringing a report of his meeting with two persons murdered by him in the rage of jealousy—one being his faithless wife, the other her cousin and paramour—and of their wanderings over an unknown desert, impelled by a mighty wind that drives the stars along the sky, to where they are confronted by Christ at the gate of heaven, cannot be regarded otherwise than as one suffering from a cerebral shock, followed by a delirious dream. He is an Italian named Maurizio Modena, a dealer in marine stores at the seaport of Fordmouth, who, having imprudently married Kitty Merrick, a vain and idle young woman, afterwards detects her in an act of infidelity with the young sailor, Phil Barton, and savagely kills them both with his murderous knife. He is condemned, sentenced, and hanged; but the rope breaks, leaving him insensible, and a reprieve is granted on the medical attendant of the prison declaring him to have become insane when consciousness returns. We certainly think, without any doubt that there is a future life of which we know not the conditions, that Dr. Redbrook's opinion was correct; and that the chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Shadwell, though he did well in turning this awful mental experience to the ends of Christian faith and hope, was somewhat credulous in accepting the reality of poor Modena's supernatural vision. There is no authoritative doctrine, so far as Revelation is concerned, and there is assuredly no evidence in the observations of psychology, that should incline us to expect, in the soul's life hereafter, a complete and precise recollection of all the experiences of outward sense in the former earthly life. This unfounded hypothesis is the fallacy underlying every such romance as "The Moment After." It derives no support from the well-known fact that the mind, in vehement excitement at the approach of death, as sometimes happens in drowning, may with astonishing quickness recall a host of former impressions. It is safer to say, with the Apostle John, "We know not what we shall be," and to await the great change in humble, pious, cheerful trust. As for Mr. Buchanan's "Epilogue," in which a ghost hovers about the dead body in the coffin and in the grave, or flits about the bereaved household, one would be sorry to believe in any such uncomfortable state of affairs.

## MUSIC.

## THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

The twenty-third triennial celebration closed on Oct. 17. We have already given details of the arrangements made for the occasion, and can say but little more on the subject at present, most of the performances having taken place too late for notice until hereafter. The programme of the inaugural performance consisted of Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," the following morning having been appropriated chiefly to Dr. Parry's new setting of "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso" (composed for the festival) and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the evening programme having included the incidental music (prelude and entr'actes) composed by Dr. Mackenzie for the drama of "Ravenswood," recently produced at the Lyceum Theatre.

## THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.

This triennial celebration recurs on Oct. 22, closing on the 25th of the month. The fine Bristol choir, and Sir Charles Hallé's band, with himself as conductor, will be associated in the performance of many important works. The principal solo vocalists engaged are: Madame Albani, Misses Macintyre and H. Wilson, Madame Hope Glenn, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. I. Mackay, Mr. A. Black, Mr. W. Mills, Mr. B. Pierpoint, and Mr. M. Worlock. No important novelty has been provided; but the programmes are of sterling interest, especially for provincial audiences, to whom they are less familiar than to Londoners. Further details must be given hereafter.

London music seems likely to offer an activity during the autumn and winter season worthy, almost, of comparison with that of the previous spring and summer season. We are to have what was usual during several years, but has not been regularly given—a short season of Italian operatic performances during the autumn. An important feature of the ensuing weeks will be the reopening of Covent-Garden Theatre under the lesseeship of Signor Lago, who will be favourably remembered in association with previous enterprises of a similar kind. His new venture begins on Saturday evening, Oct. 18. Details of the engagements and arrangements have been previously given, and of the opening performance of "Aida" we must speak hereafter.

Fresh activity is given to autumnal music by the resumption of the excellent Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace, which entered on their thirty-fifth season on Oct. 11. The programme of the opening concert included the performance, by Herr Julius Klengel, of a concerto for the violoncello, composed by Herr Hans Sitt, one of the Professors of the Leipzig Conservatoire. A violin concerto of his composition first made his name known in this country during last year. The concerto now referred to is superior to the work just named, and its merits produced a very favourable impression in its skilful performance by Herr Klengel at the Crystal Palace Concert, the programme of which in other respects calls for no specific details beyond stating that the performance of the concerto was directed by the composer—Mr. Manns having otherwise occupied his accustomed place as conductor—and vocal pieces were effectively rendered by Madame Valleria.

A further step in London musical activity will be made on Oct. 20, when the admirable Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall will begin a new season, the programme announcing the reappearance of Madame Neruda and Sir Charles Hallé, who have recently returned from their successful Australian engagements.

On Oct. 29 will take place the annual livery dinner of the Ancient and Worshipful Company of Musicians, under the presidency of Mr. W. S. Collard, the Master. The occasion will be of peculiar interest, as the first silver medal of the Corporation will be bestowed on Mr. Stanley Hawley, student of the Royal Academy of Music, who has been selected for the distinction by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, the Principal of that institution. We are also informed that a silver medal will be awarded annually, in rotation, to the Royal College of Music and the Guildhall School of Music.

"The Black Rover" has, since its recent production at the Globe Theatre, undergone some condensation and revision, to the advantage of its musical interest and dramatic action. It is now preceded by an operetta entitled "The Crusader and the Craven," written by Mr. W. Allison, and composed by Mr. Percy Reeves. It is a bright little piece, humorous in its plot and interesting in its music, and serves well as a contrast to the melodramatic tone of the work which follows it.

On Oct. 9 the Bishop of St. Albans consecrated the chancel and side chapel of the parish church of St. Mary, Plaistow, the foundation-stone of which was laid last autumn by his Lordship's predecessor.

A new biographical work by Mrs. Fenwick-Miller, says the *Athenæum*, will be issued early in the forthcoming season. The subjects, six women, are known to fame, but not too familiarly. Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. will be the publishers.

At the annual meeting of the Representative Church Council of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, held in the Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, the Primus (the Bishop of Brechin), in his opening address, said that their Church was growing in numbers and strength; their schools were holding their own; and Trinity College, Glenalmond, had doubled its numbers since 1888. The report stated that the income of the clergy fund for the past year had been £12,356, as against £12,432 in the previous year. The number of communicants for the year had been 34,512, as against 33,694.

At the fifth and final sitting of the International Literary Congress, held on Oct. 10 at the Society of Arts, Maitre Pouillet presiding, the subject of photographs, considered as works of art, was discussed, and a resolution was adopted giving to them the status of works of the graphic arts. The Congress then discussed the best forms of agreement between authors and publishers, and it was resolved that the committees of different nationalities should collect information on the subject to be made use of for the next Congress. In the afternoon they were received at the Mansion House, and presented the Lord Mayor with a collection of autographs in an album, and the Lady Mayoress with some flowers. Next year's Congress will be held in Berlin.

In September 150½ tons of fish were condemned and seized as unfit for human food by the officials of the Fishmongers' Company at Billingsgate Market. Of this quantity, which is almost unprecedentedly large, 121 tons were wet fish and 29 tons shellfish; 68 tons came by land and 82 tons by water. The total delivery of fish at Billingsgate in September was 13,977 tons, of which 8505 tons arrived by land and 5472 tons by water, and the percentage of fish condemned to that delivered was about 15.64, or one ton in every 92 tons. Among the fish seized were beam, cod (13 tons), crabs, eels, haddocks (61 tons), hake, herrings (5 tons), kippers, lobsters, mackerel, mussels (7 tons), oysters, periwinkles (10 tons), plaice, salmon, shrimps (22 tons), skate (6 tons), smelts, soles, sprats, turbot, whelks (8 tons), and whiting. At Shadwell, out of a total delivery of 2400 tons, 8 tons were seized.



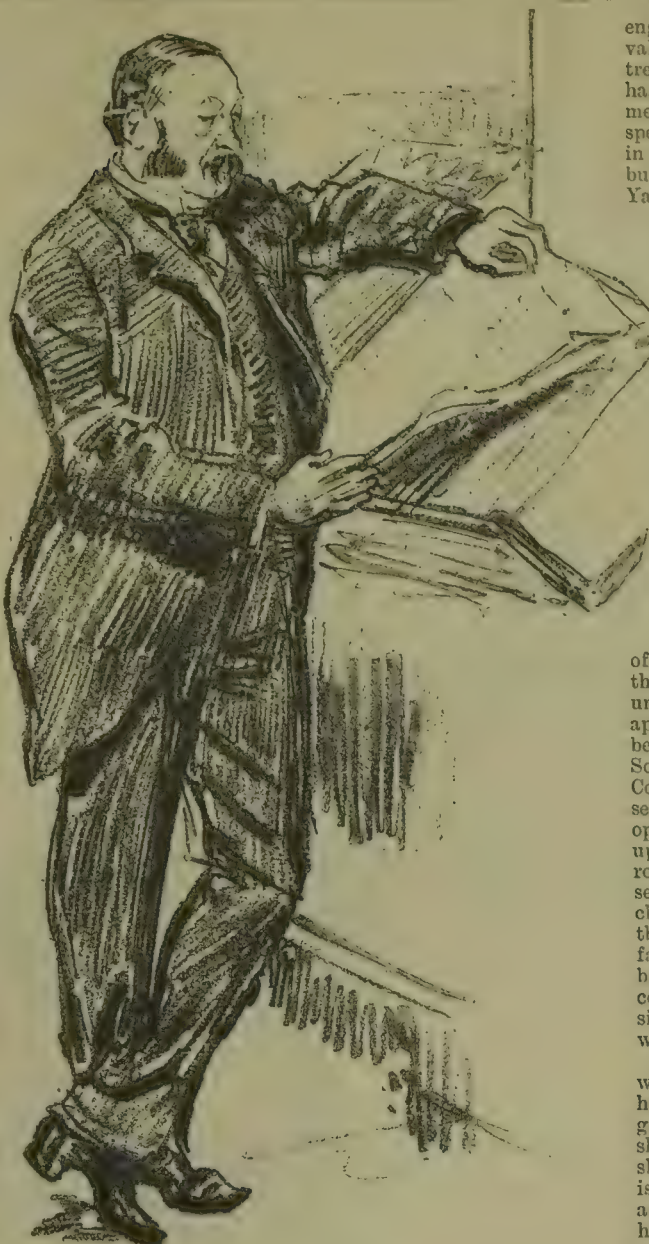
## LLOYD'S AND THE UNDERWRITERS.

(Concluded from last week's Publication.)

The years which closed the eighteenth and opened the nineteenth centuries are, perhaps, the period upon which Lloyd's may look back with the most justifiable pride and gratification. Those were stirring times; but wars and rumours of wars served to show what patriotism Englishmen were capable of, and Lloyd's men were not found wanting. The honour and glory of fighting fell not to their lot, but their patriotism found outlet none the less noble. Two months after war had been declared against France, in May 1803, the idea of establishing a Patriotic Fund, which was originated by Mr. Angerstein and Sir Francis Baring, M.P., was put into practical effect. The fund was stated to be for the purpose of affording comfort and relief to our defenders by sea and land, "for the purpose of assuaging the anguish of their wounds, or palliating, in some degree, the more weighty misfortune of the loss of limbs; of alleviating the distresses of the widow and orphan; of smoothing the brow of sorrow for the fall of dearest relatives, the props of unhappy indigence or helpless age; and of granting pecuniary rewards, or honourable badges of distinction, for successful exertions of valour or merit." The scheme was received with wild enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom, and upwards of £20,000 was received in a few days. When the final accounts were made up, in 1826, it was found that nearly £630,000 had been received by the Patriotic Fund, Lloyd's heading the list with the splendid figure of £20,000. The Bank of England and the East India Company followed with £5000 each, and the insurance companies also subscribed handsomely. A glance down the list—which included all ranks and grades of the community, even servant-girls and schoolboys, half-pay lieutenants and watermen—is sufficient to prove the truth of what Lloyd's had so vigorously proclaimed: "that the energies of this great empire are as irresistible as its resources are incalculable."

The Patriotic Fund was revived again in 1855, during the Crimean War. Mr. R. Thornton, the celebrated City millionaire, commonly known as "Dicky Thornton," was at the acme of his commercial greatness. Those were days of big premiums, when underwriters had a good chance of making fortunes in legitimate business; but "Dicky" liked to engage in all sorts of risky "specs," and was known to be enormously wealthy. It is related of him that he had a standing bet with a fellow-underwriter at Lloyd's that for every child the Queen bore he was to pay £1000; but should her Majesty give birth to twins "Dicky" was to receive £20,000. That was one of his unlucky ventures, as it turned out. When the Patriotic Fund was reopened he was one of the first invited to subscribe, but in his blunt way refused to give a cent. Subscriptions, however, were received in sums of 50 guineas downwards, till a fairly respectable amount was collected, when Mr. Thornton was again approached. By this time he had come to view the matter in a more favourable light, and, taking the pen between his trembling fingers, wrote his signature for 250 guineas. "There," said he, as he threw down the quill—"good for three millions!" And he was, too. An old portrait of Mr. Thornton, in his middle age, was given last week.

Of the earlier years of the century an interesting relic is still preserved at Lloyd's. This is none other than an original policy effected upon the life of the first Napoleon. It was for one month at a premium of three guineas per cent.; and the following is a copy of the document, which hangs in the



LOOKING AT THE ARRIVALS.

Secretary's office—where also an autograph letter of Wellington, addressed to Lloyd's in his capacity as Warden of the Cinque Ports, is also preserved and exhibited:—

In consideration of three guineas for one hundred pounds, and according to that rate for every greater or less sum received of William Dorrington, we who have hereunto subscribed our names do for ourselves, and our respective heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, and not one for the other or others of us; or for the heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns of the other or others of us, assume, engage, and promise that we respectively, or our several and respective heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, shall and will pay, or cause to be paid, unto the said William Dorrington the sum and sums of money which we have hereunto respectively subscribed without any abatement whatever.

In case Napoleon Bonaparte shall cease to exist, or be taken prisoner on or before the 21st day of June 1813, commencing from this day.

London, 21st May, 1813.

£100. R. HEATH. One hundred pounds.

£150. ANTHONY FINN KEMP. One hundred and fifty pounds.

£150. B. I. MITCHELL per ANTHONY FINN KEMP. One hundred and fifty pounds.

So runs this interesting document. But this is only one of the many curious insurances which have been effected at this "veritable insurance bazaar"—as a French paper recently described the headquarters of marine insurance. The life of Alphonso XII. of Spain was insured there, as was also, more recently, the Duke of Westminster's race-horse Ormonde. During the London Dock Strike a very large business was done in insurance against the risks of riot and civil commotion; and insurances against fire and burglary are constantly effected. Within only the last few months a lady was insured for £100 against having twins!

Of all the services which Lloyd's has rendered to the world at large, the encouragement and help that was extended to Henry Greathead, the originator of the life-boat, may be accounted among the most praiseworthy. The service of life-boats, which extends along our whole coast-line, and by which hundreds of lives are annually saved from the perils of the sea, might not have been an accomplished fact to-day but for the spirit and generosity of Mr. James Forsyth and Mr. Peter Warren, of Lloyd's. Greathead's attention was first directed to the idea of a life-boat after escaping from a scuttled ship off the coast of France; and when his plans were completed, he submitted them to Mr. Warren—some time partner with Mr. Angerstein—through whose means he was introduced to the Duke of Northumberland. The Duke was immediately interested in the scheme, and furnished, together with the members of Lloyd's, the funds for the building of the first life-boat for the rescue of shipwrecked persons. The maiden effort of this new craft—appropriately named the Northumberland—was successful in rescuing from the *Edinburgh* the crew of seven men, in a sea "so monstrous high that no other boat could have lived in it." Mr. Angerstein was here again to the fore, and on his initiative £2000 was subscribed by Lloyd's for the encouragement of life-boats; and fourteen were built, equipped, and stationed in various parts of the kingdom. This was the beginning of the now flourishing "National Life-Boat Institution," whose first president was the same Duke of Northumberland.

About the same time occurred an event which must always figure prominently in any history of Lloyd's, and which could supply ample material for the weaving of romance by some Robert Louis Stevenson. The accounts of the wreck of the *Lutine* have been almost as various as they have been numerous, but the facts may be briefly told. The *Lutine*, a British man-of-war originally christened by the French "*La Lutine*," but subsequently captured from them, was

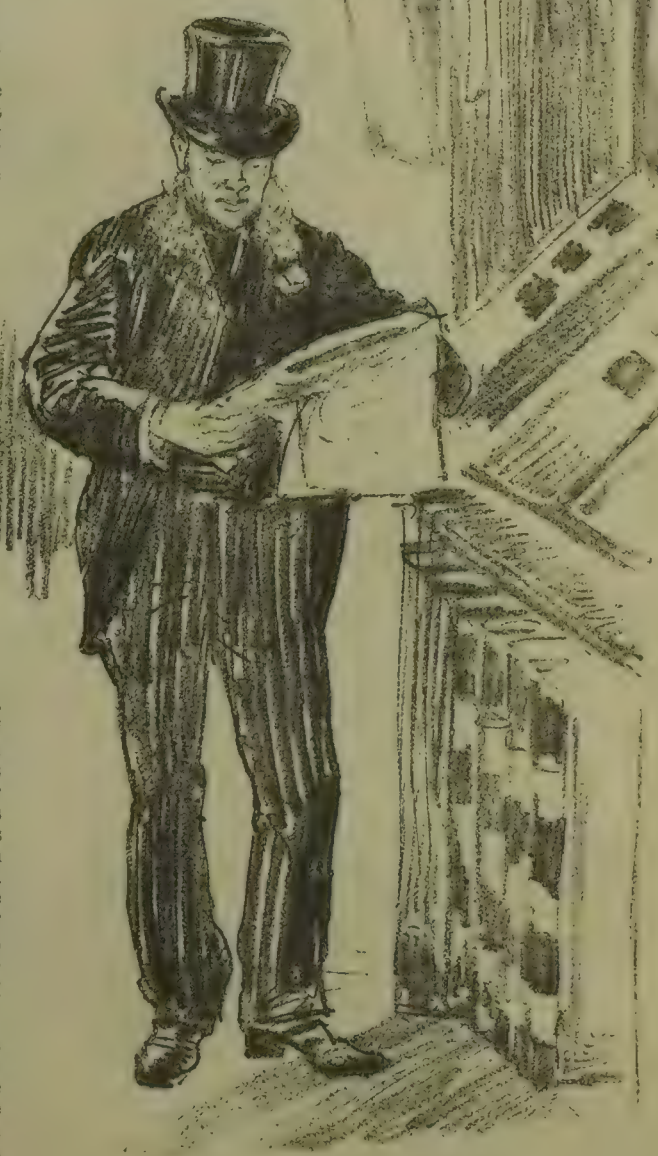
engaged in October 1799 to transport treasure to the value of upwards of a million sterling to Hamburg. The treasure was not for the payment of British troops abroad, as has been stated, but was the property of a number of London merchants, who were engaging in a purely commercial speculation. How a Government vessel came to be engaged in a private commercial enterprise is not quite clear, but the fact remains. Eighteen hours after leaving Yarmouth Roads, the vessel drove ashore, far out of her course, on the shoals of the Zuyder Zee. The report of the loss was received by the Admiralty on Oct. 19, but Lloyd's was four days ahead with the receipt of the news. Of the two hundred persons aboard at the time of the wreck only one was saved, and he succumbed before reaching England. The underwriters at Lloyd's promptly settled a total loss on their policies, though many of them must have been severely crippled if not ruined by this calamitous loss. Steps were immediately taken to recover some of the sunken treasure; but, unfortunately, England was then at war with the Netherlands, whose Government claimed the wreck as their spoil. While the war continued, the Dutch fishermen made the most of their opportunity of salvaging the specie, and some £80,000 was recovered, two thirds of that amount being appropriated by the Government of the Netherlands. Salvage operations were carried on, at various times, for the next sixty years, upwards of £40,000 being recovered in the period between 1857 and 1861 alone. Of this sum, Lloyd's were entitled to one half, under contract with a company of Dutch salvors, headed by Pierre Eschauzier, and sanctioned by the King of the Netherlands. But here arose a problem. During the sixty years that had elapsed since the wreck, the underwriters interested had all died, the policies had disappeared, and the very building in which the risks had been written had been reduced to ashes by the fire of 1838. So a special Act of Parliament was passed allowing the Corporation of Lloyd's to take possession of the money and settle any claims that might arise. Since then no further operations have been undertaken, but it is estimated that upwards of a million still remains embedded in the sand or rotting hulk of the old frigate, and some day a treasure-seeking expedition may be formed. Anyhow, there is no chance of Lloyd's ever forgetting the story, as every visitor to the library must be struck on entering with the massive old-fashioned chair and table, made out of the rudder, and the bell and chain of the ill-fated vessel. The rudder was recovered from the wreck in 1859, having been in the water sixty years, and the chair and table are suitably inscribed with a brief story of the disaster.

We have already given some illustrations of the Underwriters' Room, with groups of figures characteristic of their habits of business; another sketch shows two well-known gentlemen in conversation over the latest loss of an insured ship. One of them seems to be advancing some theory to show how the disaster might have been averted, while a third is reflectively making his way to his box to ascertain the amount of his "line" on the vessel whose untimely fate he has just learnt. An anecdote, showing that some underwriters are capable of perpetrating a joke even in misfortune, is related of a well-known gentleman in the "Room" who, on seeing the s.s. *Sakkarah* entered in the fatal volume as a total loss, exclaimed, "*Sakkarah? Sakkarah nom de Dieu! I've got it!*"

A noticeable feature of the personnel of Lloyd's is the heredity which seems to have obtained for many generations.



A NOTABLE BROKER.



CONSULTING THE LIST.



In consequence of the establishment of the Patriotic Fund in the first decade of this century, Lloyd's as an institution, attained considerable eminence and popularity, and many newspapers and magazines of the period devoted articles descriptive of the doings in the "Room"; and many names, which might otherwise have been forgotten, have thus been preserved from oblivion. In the following doggerel, which was published about 1805, and was headed "A Literal, Critical, and Poetical Transcript from Lloyd's," it is interesting to find a great number of the names of men who are to-day frequenters of the "Room":—

A Black and a White, with a Brown and a Green,  
And also a Grey at Lloyd's room may be seen;  
With Parson and Clark, then a Bishop and Pryor,  
And Waters—how strange! adding fuel to fire—  
While at the same time, 'twill sure pass belief,  
There's a Winter, a Garland, Parse, Budd, and a Leaf;  
With Freshfield, and Greenhill, Lovegrove, and a Dale;  
Though there's never a breeze, there's always a Gale.  
No music is there, though a Whistler and Harper;  
There's a Blunt and a Sharp, many flats, but no sharper.

thing" for any but the waiters to remove their head-coverings, and any member seen bareheaded was liable to be accosted as "Waiter! waiter!" To this custom must be ascribed the fact that most of the members of Lloyd's over forty years of age are decidedly "thin on the top," if not absolutely bald. The defective ventilation of the "Room" may also contribute to the scarcity of hirsute covering. Many hundreds of pounds have been spent in the endeavour to obtain a good system of ventilation, but in spite of this, and the fact that the electric light is used for illumination, the Underwriting-Room becomes oppressively close towards the close of the day. The Reading-Room, which communicates, affords a pleasant retreat from the stuffy atmosphere of the former, and, to some of the gentlemen, the Captains' Room possesses still further attractions. Here, doubtless in former days, old salts were wont to meet, and sail their voyages o'er again; but nowadays the place is used chiefly as a luncheon-room under the excellent caterership of Mr. Mabey. For an hour or two in the middle of the day the place presents as busy an appearance

from the perils of a storm by Leucothoe. The words addressed by Leucothoe to the shipwrecked hero explain the design on the reverse side—

This heavenly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,  
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.

The reverse is taken from a medal of Augustus—a crown of oak being the reward given by the Romans to him who saved the life of a citizen—and thereon is inscribed the motto derived from the same authority:—

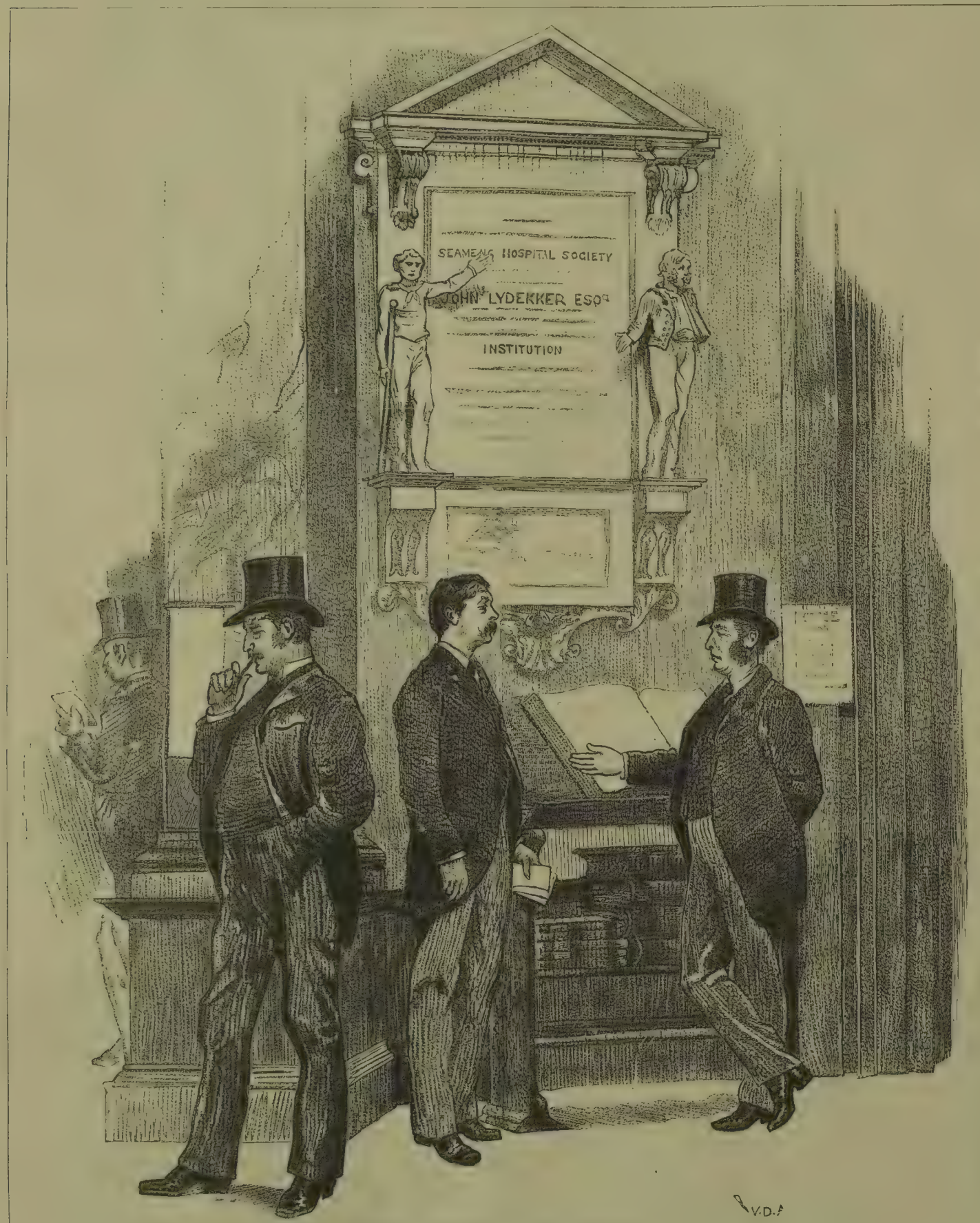
Ob cives servatos.

The commodious Committee Room, which adjoins the secretary's office, is also full of interesting relics, which Colonel Hozier, the courteous secretary, and his subordinates are ever pleased to show to the accredited stranger. As one leaves the office, the eye is caught by an ancient time-stained document which is framed and hung up there. A closer examination reveals to the visitor the fact that he is looking at the oldest policy in the possession of Lloyd's. It is dated Jan. 20, 1680, and was for £1200, on ship (valued £200!) and goods (valued £1000) of the Golden Fleece, on a voyage from Lisbon to Venice. The premium of 4 per cent. is enough to make the mouths of modern underwriters water, as in these days of competition rates have been cut down to the finest point compatible with profit, and sometimes even below that.

In the wall, at the entrance to the Reading Room, over the Foreign Arrival book, is erected a tablet to commemorate "the extraordinary exertions of the *Times* newspaper in the exposure of a remarkable fraud upon the mercantile public, which exposure subjected the proprietors to a most expensive lawsuit." The case was that of "Bogle v. Lawson," and the trial revealed one of the most extensive and astounding fraudulent conspiracies ever brought to light in the mercantile world. The *Times* refusing to be reimbursed the costs incurred by them in their defence, the committee of Lloyd's opened a subscription, which amounted to £2700. Of this sum 150 guineas was applied to the erection of this tablet, and a similar one in a conspicuous part of the *Times* printing establishment. The balance was invested in Consols, and the dividend was applied to the support of two scholarships in connection with Christ's Hospital and the City of London School, and called the "*Times* Scholarships," for the benefit of pupils from those institutions proceeding to the Universities.

Such is the institution which, week in week out, is quietly and unobtrusively doing its work in the heart of this busy city. Great care is taken to ensure that its members are men of standing and integrity; and one of the safeguards adopted by Lloyd's against the utter commercial failure of its members is the exaction of a deposit of not less than £5000 by all its underwriting members on election. This security is deposited with the committee, and the interest accruing thereon paid to the depositor. The entrance fee, also, has been recently raised to £400, instead of £200, as formerly, paid by all new underwriting members not previously connected with Lloyd's by partnership or otherwise. From its earliest years Lloyd's has enjoyed a reputation for honourable dealing, of which the corporation is justly proud; and by generation after generation is the tradition handed down for its successors to maintain. Innumerable instances might be given of where claims have been settled, not on the basis of justice, but in the larger spirit of generosity; and it is this liberality which goes far to justify the proud boast that a Lloyd's policy is never disputed. Though this may not be literally true, still it must be admitted that Lloyd's sets an example of commercial honour and integrity that might with advantage be more generally imitated. In short, the eulogistic biographer of Mr. Angerstein was scarcely exaggerating when he wrote that "Lloyd's Coffee-house is now an empire within itself—an empire which, in point of commercial sway, variety of powers, and almost incalculable resources, gives laws to the trading part of the universe; and, if combining its authority with the great mass of business below [the Royal Exchange], there is not a place upon the face of the earth that can vie with this palladium of English merchants." H. M. G.

At the sixty-fifth half-yearly meeting of the Solicitors' Benevolent Association, held in University College, Nottingham, the chair was occupied by Mr. J. C. Warren (Nottingham). The society was instituted for the relief of poor and necessitous solicitors and proctors in England and Wales, and their wives, widows, and families. The report of the directors says that since the last meeting, in March last, 136 new members have been admitted, making a total of 3263, of whom 1152 are life and 2111 annual subscribers. Fifty life members are also contributors of annual subscriptions ranging from 1 to 10 gs. each. During the six months ending June 30 last the receipts from all sources amounted to £2910. The Board tendered their best thanks to Sir William James Farrer for presiding at the thirtieth anniversary festival, for his successful appeal on behalf of the association, and for his own gift of £50 to the funds. The festival yielded a net profit of over £800, and proved the means of adding twenty-four life subscribers and 125 new annual subscribers to the society. The invested capital on June 30, 1890, consisted of £48,780 13s. 3d. stock, in addition to the sum of £5263 19s. 10d. pertaining to the Reardon bequest. During the half-year eighty-nine grants have been made from the funds, amounting to £1660. Of this sum three members and seventeen members' families received £675, while ten non-members and fifty-nine non-members' families received £985. The sum of £75 was also paid to annuitants from the income of the late Miss Ellen Reardon's bequest, £14 to the recipient of the "Hollams annuity," and £15 to the recipient of the "Victoria Jubilee annuity."



THE LOSS-BOOK AT LLOYD'S.

There's a Daniell, a Samuel, a Sampson, an Abell—  
The first and the last write at the same table.  
Then there's Virtue and Faith there, with Wylie and Rasch,  
Disagreeing elsewhere, yet at Lloyd's never clash.  
There's a Long and a Short, Small, Little, and Fatt,  
With one Robert Dewar, who ne'er wears his hat.  
No drinking goes on, though there's Porter and Sack.  
Lots of Scotchmen there are beginning with Mac:  
McDonald to wit, McIntosh and McTear,  
McFarquhar, McKenzie, McAndrew, McKie—  
An evangelised Jew, too, and infidel Quaker.  
Then there's a Barn and a Pye, with a Cook and a Baker,  
Though no tradesmen or shopmen are found, yet herewith  
Come a Taylor, a Saddler, a Paynter, a Smyth;  
Also Butler and Chapman, with Baker and Glover  
Come up to Lloyd's room their bad risks to cover.  
Fox, Shepherd, Hart, Buck likewise come every day;  
And though many an ass, there's only one Bray.  
There's a Mill and Miller, A-dam and a Poole,  
A Constable, Sheriff, a Law, and a Rule.  
There's a Newman, a Niemann, a Redman, a Pitman,  
But to rhyme with the last there is no other fit man.  
These, with Young, Cheap, and Lent, Luckie, Hastie, and Slow.  
With dear Mr. Alburt, Alfrey, and Auldjo,  
Are all the queer names that at Lloyd's I can show.

The line concerning Robert Dewar and his hat is worthy of note as illustrating the prevalence of a custom which obtains to this day—though not so rigorously conformed to—of never doffing the hat. In those days it was not considered "the

as any chop-house in the City. An old-fashioned custom still clings to the place, in the periodical sales of ships by auction that take place. A high desk is placed in the middle of the room, and, on a raised platform, the auctioneer takes his stand, and proceeds to detail the merits of some particular vessel and invite a bid, while the members unconcernedly discuss their mid-day meal, heedless alike of the rattle of auctioneer's hammer and the strangers that have flocked in to bid. The Captains' Room on these occasions is open to all comers, and it is the strangers who, for the most part, form the interested section of the salesman's audience.

Before leaving the building altogether a peep into the secretary's office will well repay the visitor. Round the walls are hung various curiosities relating to the business, such as the policy on the life of Napoleon before mentioned, and the autograph letter of the Iron Duke. Here is exhibited a print of the reverse and obverse sides of Lloyd's medal, the possession of which is so highly prized by its recipients. The subscribers of Lloyd's grant rewards for humane and perilous exertion to save life from shipwreck, which takes the form of a medal designed by the late Mr. William Wyon, R.A. The subject of it is taken from the Odyssey, where Ulysses, after various adventures during his return to his native Ithaca, subsequent to the fall of Troy, is described as being rescued





ONE OF THE RISING GENERATION.



THE CALLER.



A WAITER.



CASUALTIES.



## A SWISS CATTLE FAIR.

To be snowed up on the first of September is a somewhat unusual occurrence, unless in the Arctic regions, and a not altogether agreeable one; yet this was the predicament in which my companion and I, together with a goodly number of people of various nationalities and equally diverse temperaments, found ourselves at Zermatt on the day in question. The weather, which this season has been more than proverbially fickle, had changed with a vengeance. Only three days before we were driving along the narrow and rather dangerous road which leads, by Finhaut and Salvan, from Chamonix to Vernayaz, but which is, for all that, one of the most enchanting in Switzerland, commanding as it does superb views of the Valley of the Trient nearly all the way, with the sun darting down upon us such fierce scorching rays that we were only too glad of the shelter afforded by the pine-forests through which the road passes from time to time; and now we were all eagerly crowding around a huge fire of pine-logs, that blazed on the hearth as if it had been Christmas, while everything outside was wrapt in a deep mantle of snow, which grew thicker and thicker every minute.

It certainly was rather disheartening, and the spirits of some of the less cheerful members of the company went down to zero, or, at all events, to as low a degree as that of the outside temperature; while not a few began to prepare for as speedy a departure as was practicable, fearing that the roads and the wonderful little mountain-railway, which climbs like a snake up the steep defile of the Visp as far as St. Niklaus, and which had only been opened for traffic a few days previously, should be blocked up.

In the course of a few hours, however, the sun shone as brightly and with as intense heat as before, in strange contrast to the wintry scene around us. Nor were we, after all, losers by this strange and unwonted variation in the weather (the like of which had not occurred in the neighbourhood for eighteen years, as we were told by the inhabitants), for we had the double advantage of seeing the place both in its winter and its summer dress, as the snow disappeared from the valleys almost as quickly as it had come, and the meadows soon resumed their green and flower-bestrewn carpet, while the pine-woods shook off the heavy mantle in which they were shrouded, and stood out in bold and striking contrast to the pure white of the peaks above, affording an agreeable relief to our dazzled eyes.

Our holiday was, however, drawing towards a close, and unwillingly we had to turn our faces homeward. To come directly back to England, to level roads, paved streets, and monotonous rows of houses, seemed too sudden a transition, and as we still had another week or so at our disposal we resolved to carry out a long-cherished plan of driving through the Simmenthal, and thus return by degrees to less exalted regions. We accordingly took the train to Aigle, in the Lower Rhone Valley, and made it our starting-point.

Some clouds were still hanging about the higher mountains when we left Aigle early the next morning, but these were gradually dispersed as the sun got higher, and the view that met our eyes as we wound up the steep side of the wooded defile, at the bottom of which the Grande Eau rushes impetuously along, became at every moment more lovely. Peak after peak rose before us, varied both in shape and colouring, some barren and rugged, others clothed with forest, others again wrapped in a fairy-like mantle of purest snow, till at length we seemed to be again in the heart of the mountains.

We stopped to bait the horses at Sepey, a large village some few miles above Aigle, at the commencement of the pastoral district. A fair was being held, which interested and amused us very much. The cattle-fair, which of course was the most important part of it, was held in a meadow at one end of the village, while stalls for the sale of all sorts of articles of clothing, such as hats and caps, woollens, gay cotton handkerchiefs, ribbons, shoes, &c., of iron goods and earthenware of a coarse description, and generally of hideous design and colour, of cutlery and toys, blocked the way through the principal street, so that we had some difficulty in passing. The people were all dressed in their best, most of the men wearing the peculiar waistcoat of the district, made either of cloth or, more often, of black velvet, with short full sleeves, gathered into a band at the bottom, and the enormous baggy trousers generally affected by the peasants of Switzerland, but which look so extremely inconvenient. With true Swiss thrift, however, many of the men had brought their blue linen blouses to protect the best clothes from dust and dirt, and these they put on or took off from time to time in the street as suited their fancy. One old man amused us very much, for he not only put on a blouse to take care of his waistcoat, but he produced a second much washed and much shrunken blouse to protect the first, which was a tolerably good one. The women did not make much show, the majority of them wearing black straw hats and black skirts—in fact, we scarcely saw a bright-coloured petticoat throughout the Canton of Vaud. Almost everybody seemed to be in a gay humour. Laughing, chatting, and joking were going on all round; and, to judge by the manner of some of the company and the few words which we were able to understand, some tolerably hard bargains were being driven. Our driver, who seemed to know and to be known by many of the peasants, told us that cows were fetching a very high price this year, owing, in a great measure, to the fancy for Swiss cows which at present prevails, especially in Southern Germany, the price of a good cow varying from £20 to £35 sterling, more than double the sum usually paid hitherto. We asked if the bells worn by the animals—which, by the way, are of enormous size and of modern design (reminding us of miniature church bells, in fact), and which have not the deep mellow tone of the old-fashioned and, to my mind, much prettier Swiss cow-bells—were sold with the cows, as they must be of considerable value, and were told that the bell is sometimes "thrown in" when there is much difficulty in concluding the bargain. "Sometimes, however, the house-wife interferes and will not part with the bell, even after her husband has agreed to do so," said our informant, "and then the purchaser is the loser," he added, laughing, and with a characteristic shrug. We saw one of these resolute ladies carrying off a huge bell in her arms, while the discomfited buyer led away the cow, which, deprived of her accustomed adornment and missing the sound to which she was used, followed unwillingly.

Another ascent of nearly an hour's duration, with a farther drive of another hour, brought us to the Vallée des Ormonts, a wide and extensive tract of the finest pasture-land situated among the Diablerets range. It is a prosperous-looking and fertile region, thickly besprinkled with huts and chalets, at an elevation of something like 3500 ft., intersected by mountain streams and adorned by several little waterfalls which have their source in the glaciers of the Diablerets, the Oldenhorn, and other lofty mountains by which the valley is surrounded. Here we purposed to remain for a few days in order to ascend one or two of the points, from which very fine views of the Bernese Oberland are to be had, before proceeding on our journey through the Simmenthal and (Cheesland, as someone has not inappropriately named it. L. T. M.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H. E. DOBELL (Hastings).—We are much obliged both for the information and the game. The latter shall be published shortly.  
H. E. KIDSON (Liverpool).—The compositions of so old a contributor are always welcome. We hope to publish the one now sent at no distant date.  
DR. F. ST.—We like the last-comer best of all, but it wants much examination. If correct, it shall appear.  
J. MARTIN (Southport).—Part 2 is announced for publication shortly. Probably the other work to which you refer is "The Book of the American Congress."  
BERNARD REYNOLDS.—We do so with pleasure.  
SINOR ASPA.—In the third version of your problem, if Black play 2. Q to K 2nd, where is the mate next move?  
C. P. P.—We must ask you to send the problems on diagrams.  
F. PEMBERTON.—Neither side can be compelled to do anything different, and the game in the case mentioned is drawn.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2411 to 2414 received from Dr. P. B. Bennie (Melbourne); of No. 2419 from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Tunkur); of 2421 from F. A. Hill (St. Paul, Minn.) and Jacob Benjamin (Bombay); of No. 2422 from James Clark (Chester), and F. A. Hill; of No. 2423 from Bernard Reynolds, Detawes (Southsea), E. Hacking (Liverpool), F. A. Hill, and James Clark; of No. 2424 from James Clark, Bernard Reynolds, Herbert Chown, John G. Grant, and F. Johnson; of No. 2425 from E. Hacking, James Clark, Carl Koltzscharsch (Geneva), Bernard Reynolds, Herbert Chown, Durham Villas, Captain J. A. Challice, Trial, & Esposta Law (Naples), T. G. (Ware), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Spec, Delta, J. C. Ireland, A. Gwinner, Rev. Winfield Cooper, and T. H. G. (Lostwithiel).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2426 received from Durham Villas, Bernard Reynolds, Carl Koltzscharsch (Geneva), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Martin F. M. Burke, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), R. H. Brooks, Alina, J. Goad, Jupiter Junior, A. Newman, Shadforth, J. Dixon, G. E. Perugini, T. Roberts, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), R. Worters (Canterbury), B. D. Knox, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), P. C. (Shrewsbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W. R. Raillem, E. Louden, N. Harris, Dr. F. St., and F. G. Rowland (Shrewsbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2424.—By C. P. PALMER.

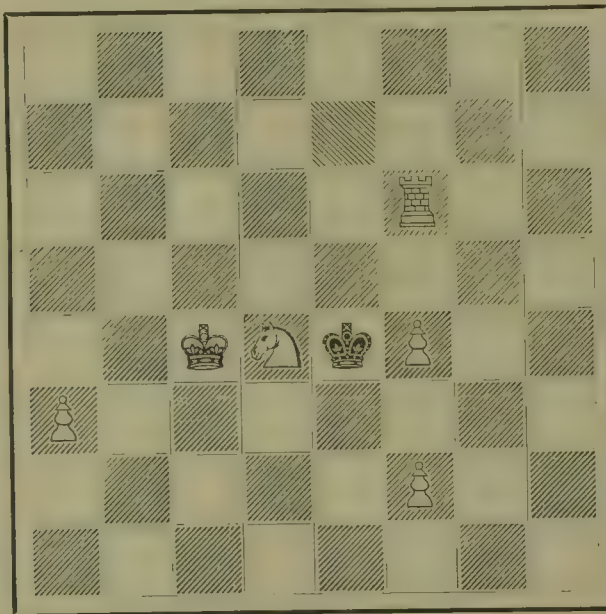
WHITE.  
1. Kt to B 3rd  
2. R to Kt 2nd  
3. B mates accordingly.

BLACK.  
K moves  
K moves

PROBLEM No. 2428.

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

## CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ayot, between Messrs. J. G. CAMPBELL and F. HEALEY.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	25. R to B 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	26. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 4th
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	27. P takes P	P takes P
4. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd	28. B to Kt 5th	R to K 2nd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	29. P to Q 4th	P takes P
6. B to K B 4th		30. Kt takes P	B to B 3rd

This seems to retard White's opening. B to K 2nd, followed by P to K B 4th, is stronger.

7. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th
8. B to K Kt 5th	P to K Kt 3rd
9. Q to Q 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
10. B takes Kt	P to K R 3rd
11. Kt to Q 5th	Q takes B
12. P to K B 4th	Q to Q sq

Kt to Kt 5th looks tempting, but would have resulted in White losing two Knights for the Rook.

13. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd
14. R to Q sq	Kt to Q 2nd
15. Q to K 3rd	Kt to B 4th
16. Castles	Q to B 3rd
17. P to B 5th	P to K Kt 4th
18. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
19. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt
20. B to B 4th	R to K sq
21. Q to Q 3rd	Q to Q 5th (ch)
22. K to R sq	Q takes Q
23. P takes Q	B to K 4th
24. P to K Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd

Smart skirmish between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and TURNBULL, of the Dundee Chess Club.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. P takes Kt	Kt to K B 3rd
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	12. Q to K 2nd (ch)	K to Q sq
3. P to K B 4th	P takes P		
4. P to Q 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)		
5. K to K 2nd	P to Q 4th		
6. P takes P	Q to K 2nd (ch)		
7. K to B 2nd	Q to R 5th (ch)		
8. P to K Kt 3rd	P takes P		
9. P takes P			

A novelty, which affords an agreeable variety in the combinations springing from this form of the Steinitz Gambit.

10. B to K Kt 2nd	Q to K R 7th
17. K to Kt sq	Kt takes Kt
18. B takes B (ch)	K takes B
19. Q takes Kt (ch)	Q to K 3rd
20. Q takes Q B P (ch)	B to Q 2nd
21. P takes B	Q to K 6th (ch)
22. K to B 2nd	Q to B 8th (ch)
23. K to K 2nd, and Black resigns.	

Mr. Blackburne visited the Hastings and St. Leonards Chess Club on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1, and gave his usual exhibitions of blindfold and simultaneous play. On the first evening he seems to have been quite out of form, and the club secured the unprecedented result of not having a single victory scored against them, by winning three and drawing the rest. The next night saw Mr. Blackburne in better fettle, and out of twenty-two games played simultaneously he won fifteen and lost none.

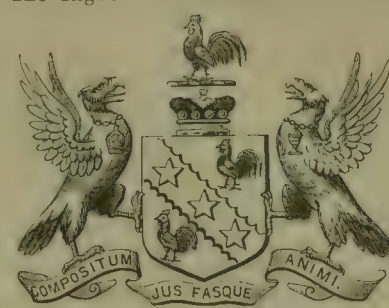
Mr. Bernard Reynolds, whose papers on chess solution attracted some attention at the time of their appearance in a provincial contemporary, intends to publish them shortly in book form. The volume will be illustrated by many problems, some of which are quoted from this column, to which the author himself is a frequent contributor.

The Bradford Chess Club, in its annual report, credits the past year with being one of the most successful seasons it has yet experienced. In membership and finances the most satisfactory conditions prevail, and by winning the Woodhouse Cup last February the club has regained its position as the strongest organisation in Yorkshire.

## OBITUARY.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

The Right Hon. Charles Edmund Towry Law, third Lord



Ellenborough, who was created an Earl on his return from the office of Governor-General of India in 1871. The nobleman whose death we record entered the Army in 1844, in the 9th Lancers, and served with distinction through the Sulej campaign, and was at the battle of Sobraon. He exchanged, subsequently, into the 57th Regiment, attained the rank of Colonel, and was given the command of the Berkshire Regiment. He married, first, in 1840, Eleanor Cecil, daughter of the Earl of Wicklow; secondly, in 1855, Anna Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. John Fitzgerald Day of Beaufort House, Killarney; thirdly, in 1863, Isabella, only child of Mr. Alexander Ogilby of Pellipar, county Londonderry; and fourthly, in 1874, Beatrice Joanna, youngest daughter of Sir Norton Joseph Knatchbull, Bart. His only son (by his second marriage), Charles Towry Hamilton, born April 21, 1856, succeeds as fourth Lord Ellenborough.

MR. LEE STEERE.

Mr. Lee Steere of Jayes, Surrey, J.P. and D.L., died at his seat near Ockley, on Oct. 9, aged eighty-seven. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Lee Steere Steere, who changed his patronymic Wits for the name of Steere by Royal license in 1796. The gentleman whose death we record sat in Parliament for West Surrey, as a Conservative, from 1870 to 1880. He served as High Sheriff in 1848. Mr. Steere married, in 1826, Anne, second daughter of Mr. James K. Watson of Hesse Mount, Yorkshire, and leaves issue. In the interest of sport, the Steere family have done much for Surrey and Sussex. Mr. Lee Steere, an excellent sportsman, was Master of the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds for some years.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Economy, at his residence, Beaumont-street, Oxford, on Oct. 13.

Mr. John Hancock, the eminent naturalist and ornithologist, in Newcastle, on Oct. 11, at the age of eighty-four years.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, on Oct. 11, at Armagh.

The Rev. W. Glanffrwyd Thomas, a Welsh bard, preacher, and orator, on Oct. 9, aged forty-two.

Mr. Charles Herbert James of Brynteg, Glamorganshire, J.P., M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil 1880 to 1888, on Oct. 10, aged seventy-three.

Frances Hallett Carnsew, wife of the Rev. Thomas Stone Carnsew, M.A., Vicar of Constantine, Penryn, Cornwall, and eldest daughter of Sir John Edward Honywood, sixth Bart. of Evington, Kent, on Oct. 7, aged fifty-five.

Lady Frances Isabella Anne Warburton, wife of Mr. Joseph William Warburton, and only daughter of Robert, sixth Earl of Kingston, at St. Heliers, Jersey, on Oct. 8, aged forty-eight.

Mr. Edward FitzRoy Talbot, M.A., barrister-at-law, last surviving son of the Very Rev. Charles Talbot, D.D., Dean of Salisbury, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, K.G., on Oct. 5, aged seventy-eight.

Lord Lee, one of the Judges of the Second Division of the Court of Session, on Oct. 11, at his residence in Edinburgh. He was called to the Bar in 1853, and was appointed to the Bench by the Conservative Government in 1880.

Lady Dickson (Laura Emmeline), widow of Vice-Admiral Sir William Dickson, third Baronet of Hardingham, and only daughter of Colonel Northey of Llanywathan, in the county of Pembroke, on Oct. 5, at Wilverley Park, Lyndhurst. She had been twice married—first, in 1850, to Sir William Dickson, and secondly, in 1869, to Captain Powell Montgomery, Grenadier Guards.

The Elcho Shield arrived in Belfast on Oct. 11, and was received at the Free Library by Sir David Taylor. It was placed in the Art Gallery.

The show of chrysanthemums in Finsbury Park is a very fine one, nearly 2000 plants being staged in the exhibition house. Most of the flowers have been early to bloom this year, and, with the exception of the little pompons which line the borders, they are already fairly developed.

Two rich windows, from the studio of Mr. Taylor of Berners-street, have been unveiled in the church of St. Mark, Deptford, the occasion, chosen by the Vicar, being the Harvest Festival. The first, with the subject of "The Crucifixion," is the gift of members of the congregation; the other is presented by Mr. Lockyer, in memory of his wife.

The Duke of Buccleugh has sold five of his farms in Hoddon parish, Dumfriesshire, to Mr. Edward Brook of Hoddon Castle, Dumfriesshire, and Meltham Hall, Huddersfield. The price paid is said to equal thirty years' purchase of the rental. He has also presented a petition to the Court of Session to disentail various lands in Dumfriesshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Lanarkshire, with a view, it is said, of selling other portions of his estates.

Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, has published the Finger New Testament, which weighs, when bound in Turkey morocco, less than three quarters of an ounce. It is a complete New Testament, measuring only one inch in width, three and a half inches in length, and a third of an inch in thickness. There are 552 pages of minute but beautifully clear and perfectly legible type. These dainty little volumes, uniform in size with the Finger Prayer Book published some time ago, will doubtless be eagerly welcomed by ladies.

Snowdon has been vindicated. Colonel Sir Charles William Wilson, Director-General of Ordnance Surveys, writing to Mr. Ralph Darlington, of North Wales, with reference to the statements in the newspapers that it had been discovered that Carnedd Llewellyn, in Carnarvonshire, was several feet higher than Snowdon, says: "On the latest ordnance plans of Carnarvonshire the altitudes are shown of a trigonometrical station on Carnedd Llewellyn, as 3184 ft., and of a similar station on Jwyddfa, Snowdon, as 3560 ft. These are the highest levels recorded in the ordnance surveys of those localities."





**A Man** labours from sun to sun, and, with rare exceptions, his work is of a healthy and wholesome character. Contrast this with the labours of .

**A Woman**, who day after day inhales the hot steam and filthy odours arising from the wash-tub, which poisons her blood, making her soon feel and look tired, worn out, and dejected: yet with "Sunlight" Soap all this can be avoided, toil and trouble done away with, and even a young girl do the entire wash for the family, not only without fatigue, but with satisfaction.



"GOOD NEWS"  
Search North, South, East, or West.  
Sunlight Soap, you find the best!

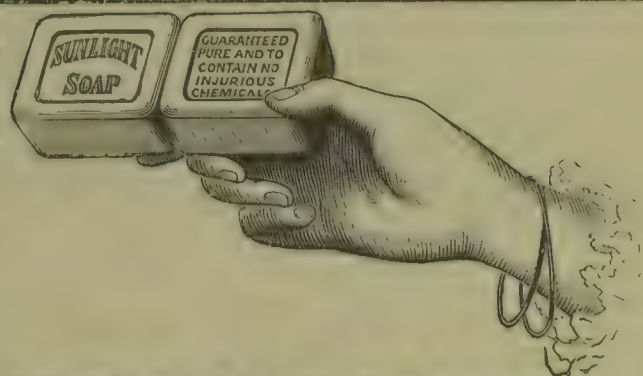


**Only a woman's love** for cleanliness encourages her to toil unremittently in the struggle with dirt.

**Only those** who know that incessant drudgery means the accumulation of trouble, loss of rest, recreation, and nerve-power, causing heartbreaking worry and premature decay—only those who can and will appreciate the difference between a good and bad soap—are asked to give a trial to "Sunlight" Soap, the preservative of health.

**We do not ask you** to use "Sunlight" Soap without proving its value for yourself; and, that you may make this trial, we have authorised all dealers to return the money to any dissatisfied purchaser.

**Do you love fair play?** Then give "Sunlight" Soap a trial.



## ECONOMISE.

One Tablet of the "SUNLIGHT" SOAP will do more washing than Two Tablets of ordinary laundry soaps.

IT WILL MAKE YOUR CLOTHES WHITE.

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE LACE.

IT WILL NOT SHRINK FLANNELS AND WOOLLENS.

It will ENABLE YOU to do a LARGE WASH in HALF A DAY.



Where "Sunlight" Soap is used, scalding and boiling are rendered unnecessary, and rubbing, so hurtful to fingers and clothes, is avoided. With the old adulterated soaps clothes wear out quicker than lightning. The "Sunlight" Soap takes the dirt out without injuring the finest material.

**BEWARE!!** Do not allow other Soaps, said to be same as the "Sunlight" Soap, to be palmed off upon you. If you do, you must expect to be disappointed. See that you get what you ask for, and that the word "Sunlight" is stamped upon every tablet, and printed upon every wrapper.

# WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR? OUTRAGED NATURE.

She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. For the means of prevention, and for preserving health by natural means, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

## THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.

In the political world Home Rule means negotiable ballast. "In the sanitary world it means in the whole Metropolis upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed, and in the whole of the United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable. . . . England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum (that is to say, about three times the amount of poor rates) in consequence of those diseases which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid (and which may be prevented)."—CHADWICK.

## PASS IT BY IF YOU LIKE, BUT IT IS TRUE!

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND and the misery entailed that these figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death! to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the bread-winners of families?

**HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.**—"After suffering for nearly two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and now I am restored to my usual health. And others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years."

"Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

**"EGYPT, CAIRO.**—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying 'the dictates of duty.'—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. Eno."

**THE VALUE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" CANNOT BE TOLD. ITS SUCCESS IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AND AUSTRALIA PROVES IT.**

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams.



CAUTION.—EXAMINE EACH BOTTLE, AND SEE THAT THE CAPSULE IS MARKED ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." WITHOUT IT YOU HAVE BEEN IMPOSED ON BY A WORTHLESS IMITATION. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.



## SOLITUDE AND LONELINESS.

Although Solitude is generally described as synonymous with Loneliness, I venture to think that there is in reality a great difference between the two words, and that this difference is wholly in favour of solitude. And, whatever dictionary-makers may say, I shall begin this paper with the assertion that the first state may be consistent with the highest pleasure and advantage, while loneliness is a condition rarely of service to any person, and generally one of hopeless desolation. When, therefore, Lord Bacon writes that "whoever is delighted with solitude is either a wild beast or a god," instead of presuming to disagree with this great philosopher, I am content modestly to say that his idea of solitude is not mine, and that he had probably in his mind the self-imposed loneliness of ascetics, who think they are pleasing God by living apart from his creatures; or, perhaps, of a solitude from which, like that of Selkirk, there seems to be no way of escape. That, indeed, was an awful loneliness—like that of a man drifting on a raft upon "the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea," or like that of Bonivard, the prisoner of Chillon, after the death of his brothers. And when, in his old age, Dr. Johnson writes as follows to Mrs. Thrale, it is surely the melancholy sense of loneliness that is oppressing him, though he calls it by another name:—

The black dog I hope always to resist, and in time to drive, though I am deprived of almost all those that used to help me. The neighbourhood is impoverished. I had once Richardson and Lawrence in my reach. Mrs. Allen is dead. My home has lost Levett—a man who took interest in everything, and therefore ready at conversation. Mrs. Williams is so weak that she can be a companion no longer. When I rise my breakfast is solitary; the black dog waits to share it. From breakfast to dinner he continues barking, except that Dr. Brocklesby for a little keeps him at a distance. Dinner, with a sick woman, you may venture to suppose not much better than solitary. After dinner what remains but to count the clock, and hope for that sleep which I can scarce expect? Night comes at last, and some hours of restlessness and confusion bring me again to a day of solitude. What shall exclude the black dog from an habitation like this?

Solitude bears a very different aspect to this, and Milton has well said that it is sometimes "best society." "No man," writes De Quincey, "can have descended more profoundly than myself into the consolations of utter solitude." And these consolations have been felt by good men in all ages, who, as Burton says, have found solitude "an heaven on earth, if it be used aright, good for the body and better for the soul." Truly is it the nurse of all noble aspirations, and it may be stated without exaggeration that the finest achievements of the world have had their source in solitude. Brooding intellects are generally the most prolific, and the happiest hours of a man of genius are often those which he spends alone. And people of no genius, but large in intellect and heart, find the boon of solitude indispensable. Oppressed with the varied activities of life, and beset, perhaps, by sorrow-brooding cares, they are glad to escape from the throng and read their own hearts in silence. Those whose fate it is to know little of this blessing often desire it most. In 1786, Zimmerman, a German physician of high mark, published a work on solitude in four volumes, which so charmed the Empress of Russia that she began a correspondence with him, invited him to St. Petersburg, wished to make him her chief physician, endowed him with medals and orders, and sent him a ring set with diamonds of extraordinary size and beauty. Such was the fascination of solitude to a woman unable to enjoy it: such, at least in Zimmerman's case, was the advantage of praising it!

Goodness, which is never fearful, has no dread of its own

thoughts, but remorse and solitude do not agree. Personalities are offensive; but supposing, reader, for the sake of argument, that you had bilked your creditors, like Sheridan, or killed a man in a duel, like D. O'Connell, or cheated at cards, like a certain peer of the realm in 1837, or drowned yourself in port and champagne, like Pitt, or ruined the happiness of more than one life, like Byron—then I venture to think that you would not find solitude agreeable!

Three things, indeed, are indispensable to its full enjoyment: blessedness, in the first place, that it should not be forced upon us; in the next, that our spiritual atmosphere should be unclouded; and, finally, that it should be temporary. To be solitary because we have vowed to be so is always a folly, and frequently proves a misery; to be solitary on compulsion is loneliness, a state that has to be endured not alone in desert solitudes, but also in country villages and in crowded cities. It is a terrible thought that London, with its five millions, is to thousands of people the loneliest and most desolate of spots. Look into the garret of the poor sempstress, solitary and starving; think of the young woman suddenly widowed and left among strangers; think, too, how many an old man, doomed to live in some squalid London court, has survived every friend of his youth, and how many a mother has outlived her children! Young girls, too, there are by scores in this teeming city who, after knowing something of the sweet influences of home in childhood, are left on the brink of starvation and temptation. There is a loneliness that has the direst peril, for it is haunted by the demon of despair.

I wonder how many houses in the City are uninhabited at night save by one poor care-taker? What a picture De Quincey has drawn of one—a girl about ten years old, half-starved and wholly neglected, when he, scarcely more than a child himself, occupied the rat-haunted house with her! "From this forlorn child," he writes, "I learned that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came; and great joy the poor creature expressed that I was in future to be her companion through the hours of darkness." That was loneliness indeed, and must have proved to the affrighted little one a darkness that could be felt. In numerous lesser ways loneliness takes much of the joy from life. A young lady whose hardest task, and that may be no slight one, is to amuse herself while waiting for a husband, and waiting perhaps in vain, must be often troubled with lonely hours, and after marriage a wearisome solitude is possible also, since a professional or a City man is generally forced to leave his young bride alone with servants for eight or ten hours in the day. Sadder still is the lot of the sailor's wife, who has not only to bear long months of separation, but the dread of danger also.

And then, finally, what a loneliness of heart many of us have to bear whose lot may be free from physical privations! We fail to gain the sympathy for which we crave, and perhaps cherish hopes in secret which those nearest to us in blood would laugh to scorn! Coldness, indifference, and selfishness may creep into a household and create a solitude there; and, even when the claims of duty are acknowledged, there is often the absence of affection. Without any tangible ground of complaint, there may be the sense of loneliness and want, for the heart needs its food as well as the intellect and body. Mrs. Browning has described the loneliness of a woman who, with only half her nature satisfied, has listened to the voice of fame when that of love was silent, and I cannot do better than close this paper with the fine lines in which she has pathetically

expressed this feeling. It may be observed, however, although the fact is obvious, that there can never be many women suffering from this cause:—

My Father! Thou hast knowledge, only Thou,  
How dreary 'tis for women to sit still  
On winter nights by solitary fires,  
And hear the nations praising them far off! J. D.

## A REMARKABLE CRIMINAL.

Reuben Burrows, America's most notorious train-robber, murderer, and outlaw, is dead. He was a criminal of such notoriety that a reward of 7500 dols. was offered for his capture. Besides several murders and robberies of an ordinary kind attributed to him, he had robbed nine railway trains, being aided in these crimes by only a single helper. Four desperate men, after tracking him for several days across two States, finally lodged him in the Sheriff's office at Linden, Alabama, where they left him disarmed, shackled, and watched by two guards, who were instructed to keep their revolvers cocked, while the captors took a night's sleep before proceeding to apply for their reward for the criminal's capture.

Shortly before dawn Burrows said he was hungry. His guards replied that nothing was then obtainable. Burrows said there were biscuits in his wallet, which they handed to him. Burrows began eating the biscuits, when suddenly they found themselves looking into the muzzles of two revolvers held by their prisoner, who was an unerring shot. Under the terror of Burrows's threats, one of the guards, by the order of the prisoner, transferred his shackles to the other keeper, leaving him locked and helpless. Burrows, being thus released, marched the other guard before his pistol in search of his captors. Misled by the familiar voice of the guard, speaking at Burrows's command, one of the captors stepped into the street, and, finding himself confronted by Burrows, both began firing at each other as fast as it was possible to pull the triggers. In the result, the most noted outlaw in the United States fell, riddled with shots, while his captor and antagonist is believed to have been mortally wounded.

The strike of corn porters in the Albert Dock was brought to an end on Oct. 10, the men resuming the unloading of the Tower Hill and Grecian steam-ships on the terms offered by the employers, the Allan Company. Later in the day some of the men again struck work.

Alderman Sir James Whitehead, High Sheriff of London, presented the prizes on Oct. 10 to the successful students at the Technical School in Leicester, the chair being occupied by Mr. H. Simpson Gee. Before distributing the prizes Sir James Whitehead spoke on the subject of technical education.

At the general meeting of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, it was decided to recommend the council to accept the invitation of the Royal Jersey Agricultural Society to visit the Channel Islands for their annual excursion next May. Lord Midleton was elected president for the ensuing year.

The Board of Managers of the National Gallery of Scotland have received a communication from the Marquis of Lothian, Secretary for Scotland, intimating that the Government propose to make an annual grant to the Board of £1000 for five years, to be expended in the purchase of pictures for the National Gallery of Scotland.

# STORY OF FRY'S CHOCOLATE



DESPERATION. PACIFICATION. EXPECTATION. ACCLAMATION. REALIZATION.  
"IT'S FRY'S"

## FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

Makes a delicious beverage for Breakfast or Supper, and, owing to its nutritious and sustaining properties, will be found eminently suited for those who require a light yet strengthening beverage.

*Half a teaspoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of most delicious Cocoa.*

TO SECURE THIS ARTICLE ASK FOR "FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA."

Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. Forty-Three Prize Medals awarded to the Makers.

**J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, AND SYDNEY, N.S.W.**



# PHILLIPS'S

## YE OLD BLACK JACK JUG.

A reproduction of a Leather Black Jack used in the Reign of Charles I.

A jug, a copy of an old black jack which had been used in the army in the reign of Charles I., is worthy of note. It is made in brown earthenware, and is engraved with a crown, C.R., and 1646, which cutting is on the original. They also have them in glass. They are made in all sizes, from a cream-jug to one which will hold two gallons. They quite take the place of the old Toby jugs, and have this advantage—they make an ornament for a sideboard, and do not find their resting-place in the pantry.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, July 19, 1890.

### IN BROWN EARTHENWARE.

	PLAIN.	EMBOSSED C.R. Crown & Date, 1646.	ETCHED C.R. Crown & Date 1646.
1 Pint	1 6	2 0	3 0
1 1/2 "	2 0	2 6	3 6
1 "	2 6	3 0	4 6
2 "	3 6	4 6	6 0
3 "	4 9	5 6	7 6
4 "	5 6	6 6	8 6
6 "	7 0	9 0	12 0
8 "	8 6	10 6	14 0
BEAKERS TO MATCH.			
1/4 "	1 4	1 9	2 6
1/2 "	1 6	2 3	3 0
1 "	2 0	2 9	3 6

### IN GLASS.

	PLAIN.	ENGRAVED C.R. Crown & Date, 1646.
1 Pint	4 0	7 6
1 1/2 "	5 0	9 0
1 "	5 6	11 0
1 1/2 "	8 0	14 0
2 "	9 6	18 0
3 "	11 6	20 0
4 "	13 0	25 0
6 "	22 0	35 0
8 "	28 0	40 0
12 "	35 0	50 0
BEAKERS TO MATCH.		
1/4 "	2 0	5 0
1/2 "	2 6	6 6
1 "	3 0	8 0



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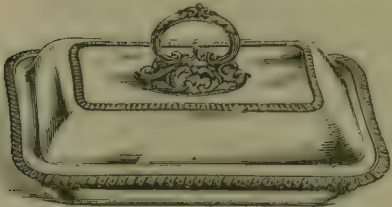
Registered Design. Six Solid Silver Afternoon  
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Engraved Cut-Glass Claret  
Jug, £2 10s.  
Solid Silver Mounts, £5 5s.



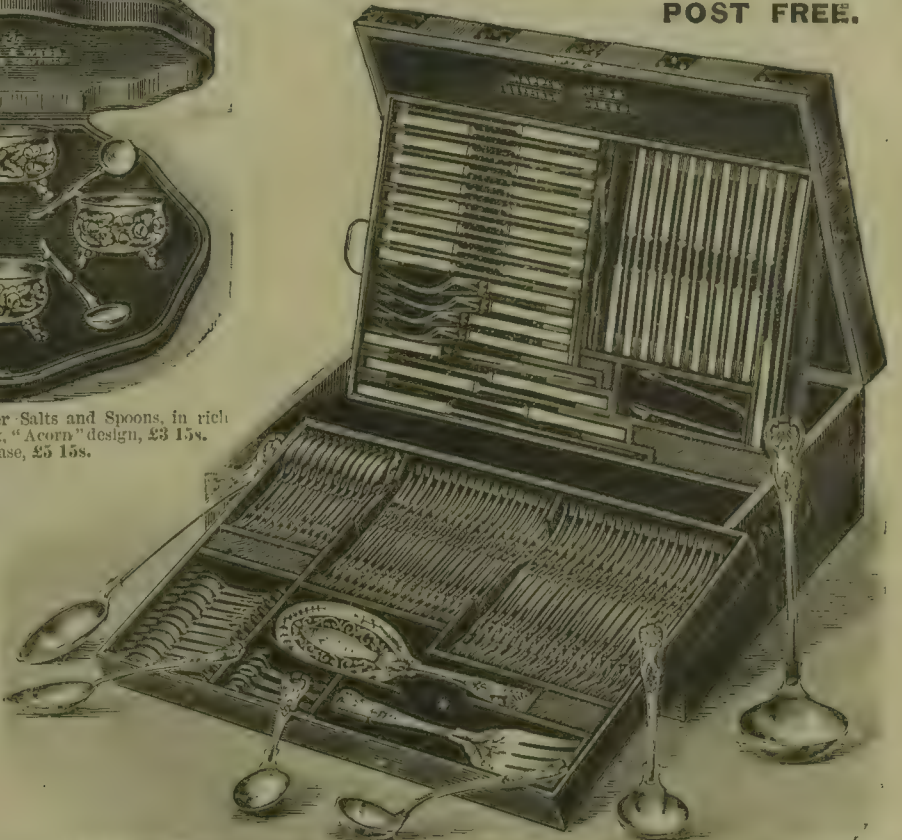
Four Chased Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in rich  
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Full size Dish and Cover, £3 5s. Warner  
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75 .. .. 5 0 0  
100 .. .. 6 6 0



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richly Chased (various pat-  
terns), gilt inside, £1 16s.



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Pepper Grinder, with Cut Glass  
Body, 15s.  
Ditto, in Sterling Silver, £1 15s.



Escalloped Butter Shell and Knife, with  
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For Wills and Bequests, see page 506; Ladies' Column, page 508.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1878) of Mr. Hubert Martineau (late of 13, Cumberland-terrace, Regent's Park, and of 2, Raymond-buildings, Gray's Inn), solicitor, who died on Aug. 25 last, was proved on Oct. 7 by John Philip Martineau and Edward Henry Martineau, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £104,000. The testator bequeaths his watches, jewellery, articles of vertu, musical instruments, wines, household stores, and £1000 to his wife; and legacies to his executors, nephew, nieces, sisters-in-law, and clerk. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow, and then for his issue as she shall, while continuing his widow, appoint. In default of such appointment, the residue is to go to his children, in equal shares.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Oct. 4, 1888) of Mr. Robert Knaggs Ardagh, late of Pouldrew House, county Waterford, and of the Quay, in the city of Waterford, who died on July 2 last, granted to Robert Michael Ardagh, Charles Ambrose Ardagh, and the Rev. Arthur William Ardagh, the sons, the executors, was resealed in London on Oct. 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £91,000. The testator leaves £3000 Bank of Ireland Stock, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children; his plate to his wife; his household furniture and effects to his son Robert Michael; £5000 to each of his six sons and his five daughters; three stores to his son Robert Michael, and one store to his son Arthur William. He appoints £1000 under his marriage settlement, on the death of his wife, among all his children. The residue of his property he gives to his sons

Robert Michael, Charles Ambrose, and Henry—four tenths to the first named, and three tenths to each of the others.

The will and codicil (both dated Sept. 18, 1889) of Mr. Walter Capper, late of Kidbrooke-park-corner, Blackheath, who died on Aug. 30 last, at The Hall, Bushey, Herts, were proved on Sept. 27 by Walter Kent Capper, the son; Marmaduke Matthews, Daniel Birt, and Theodore Brook Jones, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, household stores and effects, and £300 to his wife; his leasehold residence, Kidbrooke-park-corner, to his wife, for life; £200 to each of his executors; £50 to each grandchild; £200 per annum to his son, Walter Kent Capper, during the life of his wife, which is to abate if his wife's income from the residue does not amount to £1800 per annum; and there are some other legacies and annuities. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then upon further trusts, as to one fourth, for the husband and children of his late daughter, Eliza Theodora Matthews; one fourth for the relict and children of his late son, Harold Henbest Capper; one fourth for his daughter Mary Ella Birt; and one fourth for his son Walter Kent Capper.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1885), with a codicil (dated April 19, 1887), of Mr. Richard Cornwell, late of 16, Upper Phillimore-gardens, Kensington, and 69, Cornhill, insurance-broker, who died on July 29 last, was proved on Sept. 30 by Charles William Cornwell, the son, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £58,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his daughter Caroline Elizabeth Bathe; £3000 to his son Richard Budd Cornwell; £2000 to Helen Cleland Dalrymple, the wife of his said son; £3000

to his son Charles William Cornwell; £2500, upon trust, for Catherine Baddiley, for life; £300 to Elizabeth Felton; £250 to George Sluce; £75 to the said Catherine Baddiley; £25 each to Mrs. Jane Millens and Mrs. Kingsford; £20 to his clerk John Cameron; and £10 to his clerk Henry Holmes. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said sons, Richard Budd and Charles William, and his daughters, Mrs. Bathe and Annie Maria Cornwell, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1887) of Mr. David Pugh, J.P., D.L., M.P. for the Eastern Division of Carmarthenshire, late of Manoravon, near Llandilo, Carmarthenshire, who died on July 11 last, at the Hôtel Métropole, London, was proved on Oct. 6 by John Beynon, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his kinsman the said John Beynon, and his heirs, for ever, subject to the payment of the following legacies, all free of duty: namely, £2000 each to Mrs. Prothero and Mrs. George, the sisters of the said John Beynon; £2000 to Captain Rice Beynon; £500 to Evan Jones, his farm steward; £300 to Mr. W. R. H. Powell, M.P.; £200 each to William James, an old tenant, and J. Prothero Lewis, his solicitor; two years' wages and a suit of mourning to each of his indoor servants who have been one or more years in his service at his death; and two months' wages to his constant labourers, if they continue to work on his estate that time, so that they may not be discharged suddenly.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1888), with a codicil (dated April 22 following), of Mr. Charles West Cope, R.A., formerly of 19, Hyde Park-gate, South Kensington, and late of Maidenhead, Berks, who died on Aug. 21 last, at Bournemouth, was proved

WHY DRINK INFERIOR TEA?

WHY NOT BUY DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTER?

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MINCING LANE,  
LONDON.21,  
MINCING LANE,  
LONDON.

# UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS

FIRST HAND, DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO CONSUMER.  
SAVING ALL MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.  
THESE TEAS ENJOY A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION FOR THOROUGH EXCELLENCE AND PURITY.  
NOTHING LIKE THEM ANYWHERE! DELIVERED TO ANY ADDRESS, CARRIAGE PAID.

1/- a lb. 1/3 a lb. 1/6 a lb. 1/9 a lb. 2/- a lb.

Of excellent  
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Tea.Of great strength and  
fine quality.The May Pickings  
covered with bloom.Highly Recommended as  
a most delicious Tea.

Teas at 1/6 a lb. and upwards, packed in 7, 10, 14, and 20 lb. Canisters without extra charge; also in Half-Chests containing about 56 lb. and Chests of about 90 lb.

The Directors of the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, Limited, sample all Teas imported; their professional Tea Tasters and Buyers select and purchase, FIRST HAND, the choicest growths, these being sent out (Delivered anywhere, Carriage Paid) at the narrowest possible margin of Commission on FIRST COST, and at prices largely below those charged by Retailers for inferior qualities.

The DAILY INCREASING MULTITUDE of ORDERS received by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, is unmistakable evidence of how widely their system of FIRST HAND TRADING is appreciated throughout the country. If the general PUBLIC would only FULLY REALISE the efforts of the Directors of the UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, Limited, in placing this UNPRECEDENTED BOON within reach of all, the OFFICES of the COMPANY would be LITERALLY BESIEGED with CUSTOMERS for TEA.

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"PURE TEAS.—We have tested samples of the Teas supplied by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, a Company which enjoys the distinction of being Tea Merchants to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The Teas sold by this Company come direct from the Importers to the public; they are mixed entirely by machinery, not being touched by hand. All the Teas are free from any excess of astringency. The Imports of the United Kingdom Tea Company are what they claim to be—pure articles which have suffered no sophistication. Invalids, as well as those in health, may enjoy drinking these Teas, without the least fear of the injurious effects which so frequently result from using the inferior Teas sold by many Retailers. We have ourselves tested Teas sold by Retailers at 2s. and 2s. 6d. a pound which certainly were not one whit superior in quality to those under consideration at 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. per pound. The Ceylon and Darjeeling Tea at 2s. a pound, supplied by the Company, will, without a doubt, please the most fastidious."

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TEA MERCHANTS by ROYAL APPOINTMENT to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
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All packages containing the United Kingdom Tea Company's Teas, whether Chests, Canisters, Bags, or Packets, invariably bear, as a Guarantee of Quality, the Company's Registered Trade Mark, as above—viz. Three Ladies, representing England, Scotland, and Ireland—the United Kingdom.

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ANT. ROOZEN AND SON,  
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An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to  
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.



**A. FRIEDERICH,**  
Purveyor to  
H.M. the King of  
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Hollandsch Tandpoeder, 1s. and 6d. per box.  
Hollandsch Tandpasta, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per box.  
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Known for sixty years to be the best and purest Tooth Powder, as it contains no acid or gritty substances, which ruin the Teeth and produce premature decay; it

**WHITENS THE TEETH,**

Prevents and arrests decay, strengthens the gums, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath.

The genuine ODONTO is ROWLANDS'.

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Is a soothing, healing, and emollient milk for the face, hands, and arms. It allays all irritation and tenderness of the skin, caused by exposure to cold and damp atmosphere; removes freckles, redness, and roughness of the skin; soothes and heals chaps, chilblains, cutaneous eruptions, pimples, eczema, &c., more effectually than any other preparation; produces soft, fair skin and a lovely and delicate complexion.

Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Bottles, 4s. 6d.; half-bottles, 2s. 3d.

It is warranted curative and harmless to the most delicate skin.



## NEW TOILET PREPARATIONS.

Perfume—Powder—Soap—Hairwash—Sachet.  
The Choicest of Perfumes, and the most lasting.  
Sold by all high-class Chemists and Perfumers.  
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, F. NEWBERRY & SONS, and other Wholesale Firms.

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**GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE**  
produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warrented perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.



Do you know how to cook FISH?



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THE above is a representation of the cover of a 64-page book, containing original receipts for cooking fish, together with much other interesting matter, which will be sent post free by us on receipt of 3d., with full name and address. This book is highly commended by the Metropolitan and Provincial Press, and is the best three-pennyworth ever published. Recommended to everyone who enjoys a well-cooked and well-served dinner. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., 45, Farringdon-road, London, E.C.



It is in this equipage that in every metropolis in Europe

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THE MOST PERFECT OF TOILET SOAPS,

Brings and offers to everybody BENEFIT, PERFUME, and VIRTUE.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND COLONIES,

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To be had of all Chemists, Perfumers, &c., at 8d., 1s. 3d., and 2s. per Cake.

## SPEARMAN'S SERGES. Fine & Large Weavings. DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID.

The Coming Fashion, Navy Blues, Brown, Black, and Fancy Colours, &c., from 1s. the Yard.

**STRONG, USEFUL, DURABLE.**

Ladies' Patterns Free. Gentlemen's Patterns Free. Any length cut and only to be bought of SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, THE ROYAL FACTORS, PLYMOUTH.

# MAPPIN BROTHERS.

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM. ESTABLISHED 1810.)

THE LEADING ELECTRO-PLATERS AND CUTLERS OF THE WORLD.

SHOW ROOMS: 220, REGENT STREET, W.; & 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Manufactory: Queen's Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

**SILVER.**—All articles are solid sterling silver and hall-marked. MAPPIN BROTHERS are constantly producing charming novelties suitable for Wedding, Birthday, Christening, or Complimentary Presents, an inspection of which is invited.

### SPOONS AND FORKS.

MAPPIN BROTHERS' Spoons and Forks are extra heavily plated on the finest white Nickel Silver, and will last a lifetime. By the aid of modern machinery MAPPIN BROTHERS are enabled to produce these better and cheaper than any other house. Merchants, Shippers, and those about to furnish will find an immense advantage in purchasing from MAPPIN BROTHERS.

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CUTLERY, &c.—MAPPIN BROTHERS give the utmost attention to all orders in this department; the charges for this and general repairs are strictly moderate.

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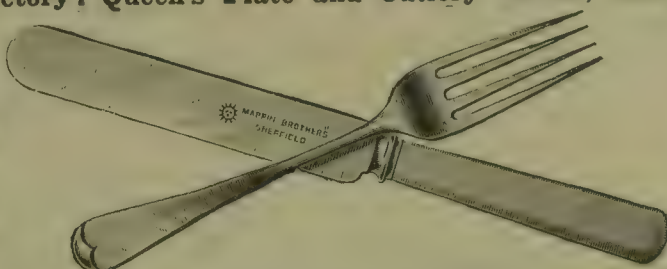
MAPPIN BROTHERS have organised a special department for the prompt and accurate execution of country orders, and customers may be assured of their instructions being attended to and their selections made as carefully as though a personal visit were paid.

### CAUTION.

MAPPIN BROTHERS regret to find it necessary to caution the public against inferior imitations of their goods, which, although similar in appearance, only the test of wear can discover to be counterfeit. MAPPIN BROTHERS' goods can only be obtained at 220, Regent-street, W.; 66, Cheapside, E.C.; and Queen's Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.



Mustineer, Cruet, complete with Mustard and Salt Spoon, 16s. 6d.



All Electro-Plated Spoons and Forks, and Finest Table Cutlery. Special Price List on application.



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Goods sent to the Country  
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All Electro-Plate.  
Tea Pot .. £3 5 0  
Coffee Pot .. 3 10 0  
Sugar Basin .. 1 10 0  
Cream Jug .. 1 4 0  
Kettle .. .. 6 0 0  
£9 9 0

Solid Silver.  
Tea Pot .. £9 5 0  
Coffee Pot .. 10 5 0  
Sugar Basin .. 3 10 0  
Cream Jug .. 2 15 0  
Kettle .. .. 19 10 0

TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE AND KETTLE.  
MAPPIN BROTHERS' New Pattern Fluting. Best Finish.

MAPPIN BROTHERS' Goods can ONLY be obtained at

220, REGENT STREET, W.; 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; AND QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.



on Oct. 7 by the Rev. Charles Henry Cope, and Arthur Stockdale Cope, the sons, and Charles Crichton Stuart Benning, the nephew, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, furniture and effects, and such of his pictures as he may select, not specifically bequeathed, and £300 to his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Mary Cope, and he confirms the settlement made on their marriage; £500 to his grandson, Leslie Cornford; £25 to his faithful servant Julia Revett; and there are specific gifts to children and others of pictures, drawings, books, &c., including in his gifts to his son Arthur Stockdale his colours, easels, brushes, lay figures, &c. If his said son completes any of his pictures he is to be remunerated. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth, upon trust, for his son Charles Henry, for life, then for his wife, Mary Hey, for life, and then for his other children; one fifth each to his sons Arthur Stockdale and Lawrence Edwin; and one fifth, upon trust, for each of his daughters Margaret Auchmuty and Charlotte Ellen Nicol.

The Irish probate of the will (dated July 17, 1890) of Mr. Hugh Wilbraham, J.P., late of Oldhead House, Westport, in the county of Mayo, who died on July 19 last, at Overdale, Cheshire, granted to Lady Marian Wilbraham, the widow and sole executrix, was resealed in London on Oct. 2, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £8836. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife, absolutely.

### THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is interesting to those of us who stand equally outside the pale of the Roman Church and the Salvation Army to observe that the woman minister of the latter has been laid to her rest with hardly less public demonstration of interest than was rendered, a short time ago, to the great Cardinal of the other. Women preachers there have been often; women martyrs and confessors in the hour of danger likewise. That blood which has been the seed of Churches has often been poured forth from women's veins. In the struggle and stress and obloquy and difficulty that have usually attended the formation of a great new religious organisation, women have never failed to take a full share. It is no new thing, then, that they have had great influence and have performed a vast work in the formation of the Salvation Army. What is new is the respectful recognition at this juncture of the power and the value of the woman's ministry, given by people who stand aloof from, and are perhaps little in sympathy with, the methods of the new sect in other respects.

Mrs. Booth had an interest for me in that she was absolutely the first woman that I ever heard speak from a public platform. It was more than twenty years ago, when I was quite a little girl, that I was taken by a curious nurse to what was then called a "Revival Meeting." I can well remember the soft fluency of Mrs. Booth, her speaking eye, her attention-compelling manner; and when I heard her again a few years

ago, it seemed to me that she had scarcely changed in manner and style now that she was famous as a religious orator from those days when she was a novice. It may be a very moot question—or, indeed, to some of us it seems no question at all—whether any real permanent good is worked in the life and character as a rule by outbursts of emotional religious feeling; but certainly, if it be a good work to arouse excitement in devotion, it would be a pity to repress such a force for that end as was Catherine Booth.

Quite a remarkable production in illustrated journalism is the *Lady's Pictorial* for Oct. 11, the autumn fashion number. It contains countless illustrations of the newest styles of every description of apparel—not mere fancy, so-called "fashion plates," but actual sketches of things now newly ready at all the best houses in town. Some of the pages, notably those showing new mantles from Redfern's and from Jay's, and the one on which are sketched the magnificent dresses made by Russell and Allan for Miss Olga Nethersole, are charming pictures, as well as peeps into the most exclusive of the courts of Queen Mode. This astonishing number consists of close upon a hundred pages, a glance over which will give very clear ideas about current fashions to the most closely immured Marianas of country moated granges.

Sentimentality is assuredly as distinct from gracious, tender, and generous sentiment, as sense is from sensibility, or womanliness from effeminacy. When sentimentality offers to discuss a subject, it is useless to continue argument, for the

## ONE OF THE THINGS WE ARE APT TO GRUMBLE AT IN FRANCE,

*The providing of one's own soap at hotels!*  
*Permit me to remark that this is one of those things*

*THEY DO MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE than we do here. I am strongly of opinion that every one when travelling should carry his or her own soap as one takes ones own hair-brush or sponge. It is much more cleanly, and there can be no better providing in this respect for the hot sun and warm winds and dust of travel than a cake of*

## "PEARS"

*which, under such circumstances, I have found very efficient in the prevention of sunburn and allied annoyances.*

FROM AN ARTICLE BY

**Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.**

Lecturer on Physiology and Health under the "Combe Trust;"  
Editor of "Health."

## ON SOAP, IN RELATION TO THE COMPLEXION.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY

**Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.,**

Lecturer on Physiology and Health under the "Combe Trust;"  
Editor of "Health."

"One important caution should be given, and that is concerning the use of soaps. I would strongly advise all who care for their skin to eschew the use of common soap, which simply roughens and injures the skin, and, if you will be advised by me, I would say never buy those artificially coloured and odoriferous abominations commonly sold under the name of 'Scented' or 'Fancy Soaps' which are the frequent causes of skin eruptions. If I am prepared to recommend any one soap to you, as a satisfactory and scientifically prepared article, I would certainly advise you to buy and use 'Pears' Soap.' Not merely from personal use can I recommend this soap, but I am well content to shelter myself under the names and authority of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons; of Doctor Stevenson Macadam, or of Professors Redwood and Atfield, the eminent analytical and chemical lecturers at the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, who testify to its entire purity. Furthermore, I believe it to be very economical, for it contains no free water, and in this respect differs from all other soaps; hence a cake of 'Pears' is really all soap and not soap and water. I know cases of irritable skin which the whole tribe of much-vaunted 'Fancy Soaps' failed to allay, but which disappeared under the use of Pears' Soap, and for the nursery and for the delicate skin of infancy no better or more soothing soap can possibly be used. There can be no doubt that in respect of the care of children, attention to the skin is specially required. If common soaps are irritating to the skin of the adult, (as they unquestionably are), they are doubly and trebly injurious to the delicate skin of the infant and young child. I can vouch that the soap I am recommending is not merely a safe but an advantageous one. It does not irritate the skin; but, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, also acts as an emollient."

Silver Cases. **BENSON'S "FIELD."** Gold Cases.



**ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.**

Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Breguet Spring to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially adapted for Hunting Men, Colonists, Travellers, Soldiers, and Sailors. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, 18-carat Gold, £25; or Silver, £15.

Hundreds of Testimonials from Wearers in all parts of the World.

# BENSON'S WATCHES,

Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

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discussion will not bear the least reference to things as they are, and, therefore, cannot have any practical value. I fear that this impractical sentimentality is coming to be the distinguishing feature of the discussion of the servant question. If we look facts in the face, we cannot fail to perceive two things: first, that the average servant feels little affection or friendship for even a considerate mistress; and next, that the servant does not wish for an intimate personal relationship between her mistress and herself. These are unsentimental truths, but, being true, it is idle to talk as if they did not exist in the case, which is, however, commonly done.

It is the spirit of our time to make the relationship between employer and employed in every degree one of pure business, and this extends to our domestic relationships to us. The facilities for changing places which modern means of travel, cheap newspaper advertisements, and postage at nominal prices have given, result in servants never settling down and feeling that there where they are is to be their home. It was so much harder of old to move about, or to hear of places that were vacant, that a servant in a good situation kept it even though in some points or on occasion she might be dissatisfied. Then the effects of habit became visible; the long residence in one family circle gave the mutual interest that can only be simulated, and not deeply and sincerely felt, on either side at short acquaintance. Nowadays a servant moves herself readily. What if a place be comfortable and desirable? Many others are equally so. Accordingly, at the least annoyance or reproach the maid gives notice, and sets out to seek other pastures, perfectly certain that she can

find them readily, domestic service being understocked with labour.

In these circumstances, a servant of any ability and any stability can command much higher wages than she could of old, more holidays, and more freedom from restraint, and she does demand all these. She is little disposed to take any "sympathy," or "kind words," or inquiries after her relations' affairs or her own private troubles, in place of solid and substantial advantages. Her friendships and affections are outside her mistress's home, and what she values is liberty to seek often those external solaces (or, in her parlance, frequent "evenings out"), and not a futile effort on her mistress's part to strike up a friendship "from high to low."

If the "sympathy" take the practical form of adding other privileges to high wages, the servant will value it for what it is worth. If cook's pathetic little account of her dead sister is allowed to open the kitchen every evening to one of her five or six "nieces," presently accompanied by their respective "young men"; or if the housemaid's story of a chronically sick mother is permitted to justify her in not getting back from her "evenings out" till an hour later than she should do—then the "sympathy" will be valued as tangible, though the simplicity of the mistress may be found amusing. But this sort of liberty is apt to encroach till the brake must be applied; and that is generally followed by an explosion. Gratitude is one of the rarest of human virtues: it is perhaps too much to expect it from the undeveloped mind of a working-class girl. The wiser and more capable and experienced the servant is, the more likely she is to

render some return for benefits given her; but only too often every advantage allowed is received in a wrong spirit.

A young servant, quite a girl, will bitterly resent her mistress's trying to treat her as she would her own daughter in the matter of protection and restraint. If the mistress wishes to know where the girl goes when she is out it is only regarded as an intrusion. If the maid is required to come in tolerably early, or rebuked for picking up street acquaintances, she is more likely to give instant notice than to regard the caution as a benevolent and motherly care for her best interests. Moreover, servants, being generally uncultured, and rather coarse from hereditary influences and early experiences, note all the doings of the mistress with a prejudiced eye, and are rarely able to regard her with genuine affection. They are suspicious, and always ready to put a bad construction on what they see done. Economy in the mistress, however needful, is needless to the servants; a gay disposition, or a quiet severe manner in the lady of the house, gives equal occasion for displeasure to her servants' minds, and for abuse of her to neighbouring sympathisers of their own class. There are, of course, exceptions to every rule: intelligent, kindly, and loyal servants do exist. But the spirit of the age and the opportunities it affords are not to be regarded as influences which can be ignored or set aside by individual effort; and, whatever sentimentality may say, service is now an employment like every other, in which wages and solid privileges are the points considered by the servant, and honest performance of definite duty the utmost that can be wisely expected by the mistress. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

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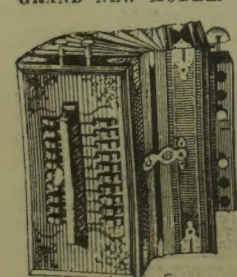
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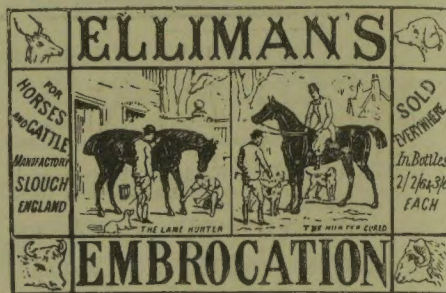


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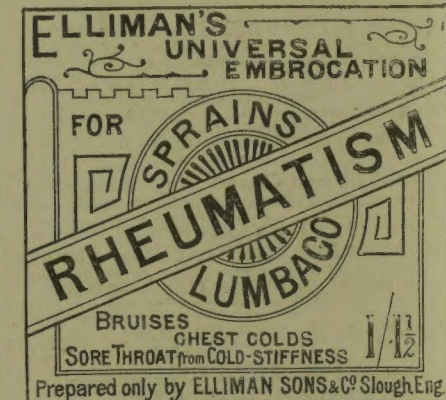
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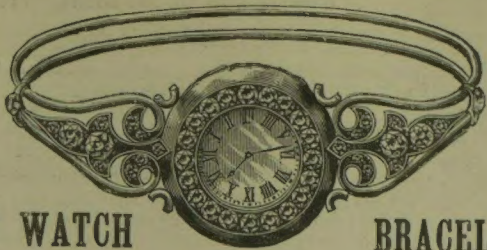
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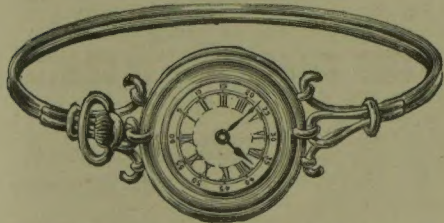
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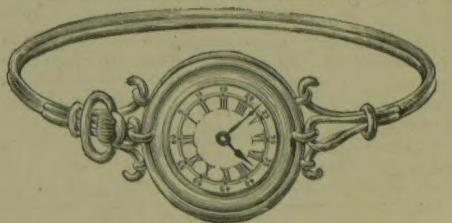
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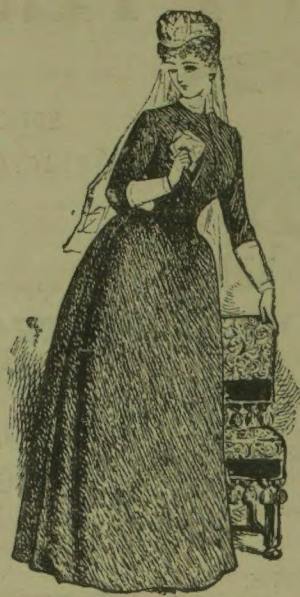
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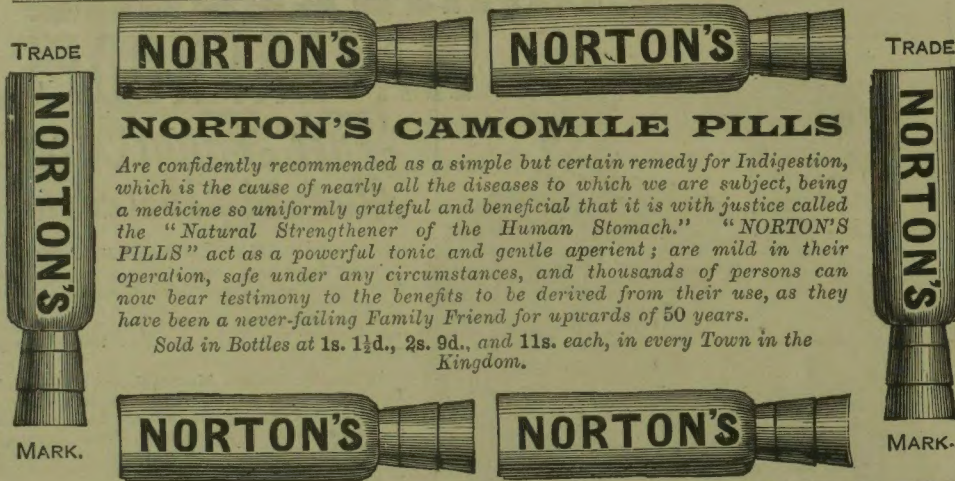
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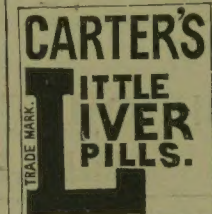
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